

CANADA, UNDER WHAT FLAG? From The Monthly Review.

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OLD ANCHOR CHANTY.

First Voice.

With a long heavy heave, my very famous men . . .

(Chorus. *Bring home! heave and rally!*)

Second Voice.

And why do you, lad, look so pale?
Is it for love or lack of ale?

First Voice.

All hands bear a hand that have a hand to len' . . .

And there never was a better haul than you gave then . . .

(Chorus. *Bring home!*)

First Voice.

Heave hearty, my very famous men . . .

(*Bring home! heave and rally!*)

Second Voice.

Curl and scud, rack and squall—sea-clouds you shall know them all . . .

First Voice.

For we're bound for Valparaiso and round the Horn again

From Mont Desolado to the parish of Big Ben! . . .

(*Bring home!*)

First Voice.

Heave hearty, my very famous men . . .

(*Bring home! heave and rally!*)

Second Voice.

Bold through all or scuppers under, when shall we be back, I wonder?

First Voice.

From the green and chancy water we shall all come back again . . .

To the Lizard and the ladies—but who can say for when? . . .

(*Bring home!*)

First Voice.

Heave and she's a-trip, my very famous men . . .

(*Bring home! heave and rally!*)

Second Voice.

When your fair lass says farewell to you a fair wind I will sell to you. . . .

First Voice.

You may sell your soul's salvation, but I'll bet you two-pound-ten

She's a-tripping on the ribs of the devil in his den . . .

(*Bring home!*)

First Voice.

Heave and she's a-peak, my very famous men . . .

(*Bring home! heave and rally!*)

Second Voice.

You shall tread, for one cruzado, Fiddler's Green in El Dorado . . .

First Voice.

Why, I've seen less lucky fellows pay for liquor with doubloons

And for 'baccy with ozellas, gold mohurs, and ducatoons! . . .

(*Bring home!*)

First Voice.

Heave and a-weigh, my very famous men . . .

(*Bring home! heave and rally!*)

Second Voice.

And drop her next in heat or cold, the flukes of England they shall hold! . . .

First Voice.

Ring and shank, stock and fluke, she's coming into ken—

Give a long and heavy heave, she's a-coming into ken . . .

(*Bring home!*)

First Voice.

Heave and in sight, my very famous men . . .

(*Bring home! heave and rally!*)

Second Voice.

With her shells and tangle dripping she's a beauty we are shipping . . .

First Voice.

And she likes a bed in harbor like a decent citizen,

But her fancy for a hammock on the deep sea comes again . . .

(*Bring home!*)

First Voice.

Heave and she's a-wash, my very famous men . . .

(*Bring home! heave and rally!*)

Second Voice.

O never stop to write the news that we are off upon a cruise . . .

First Voice.

For the Gulf of Californy's got a roller now and then

But it's better to be sailing than a-sucking of a pen . . .

(*Bring home!*)

Herbert Trench.

The Spectator.

CANADA, UNDER WHAT FLAG?

At a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, held on November 13, Mr. Richard Jebb read an extraordinarily able paper entitled "Notes on Imperial Organization." During the discussion which followed, Mr. C. Waley Cohen made a remark which, judging by the printed report, appears hardly to have attracted the attention it deserves. He said:

I do not think sufficient importance has been attached to the voters who are behind the representatives of the Colonies, and who are the real power at the back of those who have to deal with them in this country. With all respect the crux of the whole question is not the opinions of such an audience as this. . . . If you were to take a census of those here I do not think you would find any difference of opinion on the broad question of Imperialism, but when you approach a definite decision, when you have Colonial Premiers and the Colonial Office negotiating, the difficulty is that there is a lack of complete sympathy between the people whom they represent . . . If a greater spirit of sympathy could be brought about between the working men in this country and the Colonies, if more knowledge of colonial conditions and sentiments could be brought home to the workmen of this country, and *vice versa*, you would make much more easy the solution of the question which we are considering.

Personally, my experience of the Colonies is limited to the Dominion of Canada. But in a broad general question of this kind I take it that one self-governing colony is very like another, and I hold that Mr. Cohen is unquestionably right. I would not even restrict myself to "voters" and "working men," but would include all men of sufficient intelligence to understand the subject, as well as their wives and families.

Imperial Conference, Imperial De-

fence, State-owned Cables, Preferential Trade, Tariff Reform, each specific is advertised in turn as though it were a panacea, while the family history and general constitution of the patient may be set aside as negligible factors.

Just lately certain Englishmen at home, and a few more now resident in the United States, seem to have woken with a start to the extraordinary increase in the volume of immigration from the latter country into North-Western Canada. Although the movement has been in steady progress for the last half a dozen years the men who are only now beginning to realize its extent are raising a cry of alarm. Some of them have rushed into print and prophesied the imminent denationalization of Manitoba and the North-West Provinces, if not of the entire Dominion.

On the other hand, the Canadian authorities have hastened to reassure them by counter assertions to the effect that the new immigrants, in crossing the air-line which is the boundary between the two countries, will immediately change their political prejudices, while the sky above them remains much the same. And each party can produce strong arguments to show that its own particular view is correct.

The first will pelt you with statistics, proving to their own complete satisfaction that the predictions of certain American journals are irrefutable, and that in a very few years the Stars and Stripes will be floating above the little school-houses dotted over the great prairies, while the National Anthem of the next generation will be "My Country 'Tis of Thee," or "Yankee Doodle," or "The Star-Spangled Banner," or whatever ditty may then be

the official public hymn in the United States. They will point out that the annual influx over the border has increased from 712 in 1897 to 58,816 in the fiscal year July 1, 1905—June 30, 1906; that many of the new settlements are entirely American, and that, therefore, their members have little opportunity of merging their nationality in that of their neighbors. To all of which the stock answer is that, firstly, most of the new arrivals are returned Canadians; secondly, that the rest of them are perfectly satisfied to live under the English flag; and thirdly that your American is a born politician and not going to deprive himself of his vote by omitting to take out his naturalization papers.

The stay-at-home Englishman shrugs his shoulders and is quite content to leave the matter to the newspapers, or to the Colonial Office, or the Dominion Government. He reads with perfect equanimity that a police magistrate has offered to let a criminal off a term of imprisonment if he will consent to emigrate to Canada; very much as though you were to throw snails over the wall into your neighbor's garden, and expect to be patted on the back for your humanity to the snails. He thinks he has done as much as can be expected of him for the next decade, if he lowers the postal rates for English publications, so as to enable them to compete on something like equal terms with the flood of cheap American literature which has already well nigh submerged the entire Dominion.

Foretelling the political future of a new country is risky work. Even a trained specialist like Mr. H. G. Wells has returned from a few months' visit to the States, acknowledging frankly that, as an oracle, he is pretty much where he started. But the globe-trotter, who has hurried over the C.P.R. between Montreal and Vancouver will pose with cheerful alacrity as an au-

thority at home. He has discovered that Canada is quite a big country in point of size, much bigger than he expected, somehow. He is rarely at a loss for an answer to any question you may address to him. "I was talking to a Canadian in the 'smoker' and he told me, &c., &c." If he can add that the Canadian was a business man (and they all are) that settles the matter at once, because it is an obvious guarantee of the soundness of his judgment and of his political foresight.

The ordinary newspaper correspondent is not very much better. He does not confine himself, it is true, to the *obiter dicta* of casual travellers in the train; he seeks out bankers and politicians and "business men" generally in their offices. Where he fails is that he does not appreciate the fact that most of these authorities see dozens of him every year. If only to save themselves trouble they have the stereotyped smile, the stereotyped invitation to lunch, and the stereotyped opinion on the future of the country, all ready to be handed over at a moment's notice. The journalist is profuse in his thanks and feels himself equipped to write columns of exclusive information from the man on the spot.

I can give him a hint that may afford him a little innocent amusement if he has a few minutes to spare in his quest for news. Go into the office of a man interested in real estate, in that city which is called the bull's-eye of the Dominion. [It would be more correct to call it the bull's-eye of the North American Continent, a point which Englishmen hardly realize.] He will smile at you, with the added touch of cordiality born of the consciousness of superior knowledge, which makes us so civil in pointing out his way to a total stranger. He will ask you to lunch, for his hospitality is innate, and he will wait for the question inevitable at this moment:

"What do you think about the American Immigration Movement?"

He knew it was coming, and is quite ready with his answer:

The American farmer is the best immigrant we can have. He is a pioneer to begin with, and he understands the condition of things out here. As to his Americanizing Canada, that is all nonsense. He is a politician, &c. (*see above*); he finds that his individual freedom here is at least as unhampered as in the States; that the taxation is less; that our judges are incorruptible; and that the land is rather superior for his purposes. Besides that a very large proportion of this influx consists of returned Canadians, and a certain number of Europeans who happen to have landed at an American port, but have decided to move on here.

Generally speaking you thank your friend, and take up your hat and go. But if you are guileful you will add as an afterthought:

I am particularly grateful for the opinion, coming from a man like yourself, because it relieves me of a certain sense of responsibility. From what I hear elsewhere I had begun to think it was my duty to urge on the authorities at home the necessity of taking special steps to stimulate British immigration in order to offset that from the U.S.A.

Then watch him squirm. (It is so difficult to write of things Western in Addisonian English.)

So long as he thinks that the fear of the American movement will act as a deterrent to British immigrants he is anxious to pooh-pooh the whole thing. If you point out to him that this fear might be used as an instrument to produce exactly the contrary effect he is torn with conflicting emotions. The truth is, of course, that his first consideration is the importance of increasing his business, and the best way to do that is by filling up the country. With the ultimate consequences he is very little more concerned than is the

average business man in London. He *may* have a definite, well-thought-out opinion on the subject. But if so, he will probably want to know more about you than he will learn from a mere letter of introduction before he will impart it. And you will probably want a good deal more knowledge of the country than you can pick up in a flying journey before you can properly gauge the value of that opinion.

You may even interview a prominent railway official, a prominent banker, an officer of the Hudson Bay Company, a well-known merchant, and so on, and then strike an average. Even so, you will only arrive at a vague generalization. For each man's opinion will be colored, sensibly or not, by his own individual interest. Every time I cross the Rocky Mountains I am filled with renewed admiration for the astonishing nerve which enabled men even to propose building a railway across such a country, to say nothing of the extraordinary skill required to carry the project into effect. I am proud to number some of the C.P.R. officials among my personal friends, but I know that in answering 'a general question of this kind their first thought is: "How is my reply going to affect the interests of the railway?"' For all these men have something to sell, be it money, or transport, or dry goods, or what not; and their bias is in favor of what will immediately increase the number and purchasing capacity of their customers. Anyway there is plenty of time yet before the crisis becomes acute.

After what I have said it will probably be guessed that I have no solution of my own to offer; I can only add to the above list—with much diffidence—the ideas of a spectator who has seen a good deal of the game, and whose views have perhaps, a certain detachment, which those of the man on the spot must necessarily lack.

The question of Canadian loyalty is a difficult and delicate one to deal with. Generally speaking their sentiment is, as it should be "Canada first." After that I should say that to-day the very large majority of Canadians prefer the British connection to the American, mostly from inherited prejudices, and a little because, until lately, the attitude of the latter towards the Dominion has been a trifle too condescending. If you particularize the French Canadians, the answer is not quite so simple. The stereotyped answer is, of course, that they naturally hold by their French traditions, but that you may always depend on them to be loyal to the Union Jack as against the Stars and Stripes, because the priests well know that the hold they have over their parishioners would be immensely weakened, if not altogether loosened by annexation to the United States. This is very largely true (although the most fervent advocate of "annexation" I ever met was a French Canadian priest in Nova Scotia), but if you try to go deeper into the matter you run up against religious and racial differences. The stereotyped answer is considerably modified; for instance, when you raise the question of the Dual Language, and politicians are much influenced by the probability that anything they may say will be repeated in the ears of constituents. Business men in Montreal will point out that two-thirds of the population of that city is French, and that two-thirds of its wealth is in the hands of the English section. You may draw whatever inference you please from this. The education of the children is practically entirely in the hands of the priests, who can hardly inculcate a fervent loyalty to the anti-Clerical France of to-day. But the tricolor waves over their schools and public buildings, especially in Lower Canada, and you hear more of the *panache blanc* than

you do of the meteor flag of England in after-dinner speeches. A large employer of French labor in the Province of Quebec told me once that only some three dozen of his men volunteered for service with the South African contingents, adding significantly that none of their friends went down to the wharf to see them off. The scene was very different on their return, for the men had made themselves very popular with their English fellow soldiers and had been treated on terms of perfect *camaraderie*. The inborn French love of military glory no doubt helped to promote the enthusiasm of their friends and relations at home. The result is gratifying, but it is a matter for reflection that a somewhat violent twist of Fortune's wheel was required to bring it about.

An independent French-speaking Canada is an impossible dream, but an independent Canada is quite a different thing. The painter has not yet been cut; may, quite probably, not be cut during the present generation; but it has been pretty badly frayed. The feeling that Canadians should make their own treaties has been growing more and more acute in the Dominion, and it has even been suggested in London newspapers that Sir Mortimer Durand's successor at Washington should be a Canadian. If you ask one of them how he proposes to enforce those treaties he falls back eventually on the Monroe Doctrine, which is simply annexation writ large. I am not here to argue about the justice of the decisions in the matter of the Alaskan Boundary, or in that of the Newfoundland treaties, but I know full well that the general impression which those decisions left on the minds of Canadians was that Great Britain was afraid of the United States, that whenever there might arise a conflict between the interests of the two powers in the North American Continent those of the Do-

minion would have to go to the wall, so long as the arbitrament lay with the Mother of Parliaments.

Canada's contributions to Imperial Defence—I am not including her services in the late war—are rather taking the line now of “relieving the Imperial Government of the expense of maintaining troops at Halifax and Esquimaux,” and of dispensing with the services of the North Pacific Squadron. That is a very nice way of putting it, and doubtless it is a step towards the future development of an independent army and navy, but meanwhile it means another strand in the painter rubbed through. A long time must elapse before Canada can afford a standing army, a navy, a diplomatic corps of her own; she needs all her spare cash at present for industrial purposes, but she can afford to keep it there, because she is in the happy position of having two strings to her bow, the Mother Country, or, as an ultimate resort, the Monroe Doctrine.

North West Canada, sentiment apart, is already more American than English. What else can you expect, when there is nothing but an air-line between a country with five or six million inhabitants, and a country with eighty millions? They lead the same lives, worship the same God, talk the same language, play the same games. The reduction in postal rates, and consequent popularization of English periodical literature in Canada is a move in the right direction, but it is futile to suppose that it will wipe out the effect of the Alaskan boundary decision, or that it will even seriously diminish the sale of American books and newspapers. Let me illustrate what I mean.

I pick up an American ten-cent magazine, published in New York, and come across a few expressions such as these:

“Simoleons”; “start a rough house”;

“wise guys”; “a husky mitt”; “the main squeeze of this burg.”

How many Englishmen could translate them at sight, even if they read them with the context? But almost any Canadian farmer, or immigrant of a few years' standing in the West, understands them with perfect ease, and is very likely in the habit of using them daily. The fact is that directly he lands in Canada an Englishman begins to learn a new language, and that this language is much more “American” than “English.”

For one Canadian who could name the winner of last year's Derby there are dozens who could tell you off-hand the holder of the mile trotting record. Canadian race-meetings are held under the rule of an American Turf Club; American rinks curl annually at the great Canadian bonspiels; Canadian crews row for American championships on American waters; the best dogs in the State enter for the Manitoba Field Trials. A few years ago the number of Canadians settled on the south side of the border was computed at a million and a half. Is the ordinary Western farmer going to stop buying Sunday numbers of Chicago papers, or to cut off his subscription to New York “dime” magazines in order to read about county cricket, or football leagues, or the doings of Park Lane magnates? I trow not.

There are people who will say that all this has been going on for years, and that the late influx into the North-West will not appreciably affect the general results. I cannot agree with them any more than I can hold that the optimistic view of rapid and imperceptible absorption is final and incontestable. The annual immigration from the United States into Canada has increased by eight thousand per cent. in the last nine years. The percentage in the case of the North-West is certainly higher, for the reason that

three-quarters of these new arrivals settle there in preference to Lower Canada and British Columbia. Of the European immigrants only about one-half come to Manitoba and the New Provinces. It *must be* that a movement of this kind should have far-reaching results.

One of these results is already visible to any experienced eye. In speaking of the attitude of Americans towards Canadians, I implied a certain reservation by using the words "until lately." Nine years ago the leading grain exporters in New York and Chicago were, by their own confession, quite extraordinarily ignorant of the condition of things in Canada. Western Americans generally knew even less than the experts, because their leading newspapers were subsidized to tell astounding lies, with the object of diverting the flood of immigration to the Western States, and keeping it there. When American capitalists found it necessary that the tide should flow over into the Dominion the newspapers also found that they had to change their tone, or lose their advertisements. I do not suppose it even occurred to them to hesitate. They began at once to print sixteen-page sheets in crude colors, which bore about the same relation to the actual state of affairs as do the pictures outside a country circus to the performance going on within. The Canadian farmer was startled by this *volte-face*, and a trifle incredulous, but on the whole flattered.

Nor did the enterprise of the American land speculator end with the newspapers. He is probably more patriotic than the average Englishman, but he is not going to allow chauvinism to interfere with business, nor will he flick you in the face with the Stars and Stripes if that action is going to hinder him from selling you something. He started branch offices in Winnipeg

and elsewhere, coming over himself from Chicago, and St. Paul and Minneapolis, and Duluth, to establish them and to study the conditions of his new extension on the spot. In many cases he decided to remain, and began immediately, with that wonderful American versatility, to adapt himself to the ways of the country. You can see it in little things. I have watched one of them smoking a pipe; he would take it out of his mouth at brief intervals, blow a cloud of smoke, and put it back again; anybody could tell at a glance that he was a cigar smoker. Now, a few years ago, an Englishman producing a pipe in the "smoker" of a Pullman was quite likely to be ordered by the conductor to put it away. It is true that the statue of Liberty is a prominent object in New York harbor, and also that the smell of cigars at two for five cents ("two-fers," they are affectionately called) is more offensive to some people than an ordinary pipe. But "if you want to smoke you may smoke a cigar. We've no use for pipes here." It generally ended in the Englishman doing what he was told. The use of pipes, and the wearing of knickerbocker breeches and stockings, came over with golf, first into the Eastern States, then, more slowly, out West. But my American friend was in Canada, on business, and Canada is British, and so is pipe smoking, therefore he would learn to smoke a pipe. His reasoning was not quite correct, but his intention was good, and he stuck to his pipe with a persistency that was sometimes pathetic. He gave up girding at British institutions, was probably honestly surprised to find out how much less there was to sneer at than he had been bred to believe. He discovered that the men he had to deal with were very good fellows, and they took to him at once. He became a member of a Canadian club, finding himself quite at home in the poker-

room, and built his branch office, and is working there at the present moment. And he is only one of hundreds, or thousands, who are doing these things.

The Englishman at home says:

This is all very well, but your American lives next door, so to speak, we have the Atlantic to cross. Do you seriously maintain that it would have been a good thing for us, or for Canada, had we gone to war with the States over their irreducible minimum in such a case as that of Alaska or of Newfoundland? Would the game have been worth the candle? What do you expect us to do? You made a proposal about the reduction of certain rates of postage, and we have shown our willingness to meet you. What more do you want?

Well, one answer to the first part of the argument is simple.

Cross the Atlantic. Numbers of Canadians are doing so year after year; they have less money than you, very often, and are at least as busy. If they can do it, why not you? The Canadian who has been in England almost invariably returns home more of an Anglophil than he was before he started. Go and return the call, instead of playing your everlasting lawn tennis at Homburg, or mobbing your sovereign at Marienbad. Go and shoot moose, and prairie chicken, by way of a change from red-deer and grouse; really hunting for chicken is more amusing than standing in a butt waiting for a line of beaters to drive your game up to you.

The second part of your remarks involves a certain amount of the *petitio principii*. You assume that the refusal of the "irreducible minimum" would inevitably have plunged us into war. My friend, until you have played poker with him, you have not begun to fathom the consummate skill of the American bluff. You contend that the material loss to the Canadian is small, and that therefore his discontent and irritation will be merely transient. There you are wrong; he may forgive, but it will be a long time before he

will forget. Very likely the game would not have been worth the candle, but I think you showed an inclination to minimize the importance of the game, and were a little premature in your conclusion that it could not have been played by daylight after all. Canadians, at this moment, find a somewhat grim amusement in the thought that the war you avoided by a successful "climb down" might possibly be forced upon you because Japanese children are not allowed to attend public schools in San Francisco. However, your partner is playing this hand, and he is not easily bluffed. Let us hope that Newfoundland has realized the folly of expecting John Bull to attend to other people's troubles over the telephone, while he is so dreadfully worried about who is to hear the children their catechism at home.

I do want something more. I want you, the individual Englishman, to do your share, to put yourself out somewhat; if by so doing you may get to know your Canadian brother better than you do. The mere exercise of an effusive and somewhat patronizing hospitality is of little use; you must take him on equal terms. If you visit him, don't take it for granted that because your social position at home is assured you will find it equally easy to get on with people there. You won't; you will be constantly treading on their toes, though they may be too polite to tell you so. They will tread on yours too, and will be equally surprised if you flinch or remonstrate; but the more you see of one another the better you will get on.

For there are faults on both sides. Only a day or two ago I read a letter in a London newspaper, from an Australian, complaining of English ignorance of Australian geography, adding that the Australian child knew far more of the geography of England than did the ordinary Englishman of that of Australia. I have had similar remarks made to me in Canada, dozens of times. Let me tell you, between ourselves, they are not true. Probably, of course, the average child anywhere knows more geography than the average

man, because the latter has forgotten it. There was a time when, if a Canadian jeered at me because some prominent English journal had mixed up Ontario and Saskatchewan, I smiled deprecatingly, and apologized. I don't now; I retort with a question about the geography of New Zealand, or I spring on him a few problems about this Island, such as the relative longitude of Edinburgh and Liverpool. Then I advise him to learn a little more about his sister Colonies before he attacks the Mother Country for her ignorance of her children's nurseries. Still the fact remains that more Canadians, in proportion to means and population, come over here than you will find Englishmen visiting Canada; the question of settling there is, of course, a different thing.

After all, you may have the geography of a country, and the statistics of her Year Book, at your fingers' ends, and yet know very little of the real nature of her inhabitants. You, the English reader, may even leave this country and settle in Canada for good; you may cut adrift from all home ties, and form fresh ones in your new home: but, to the day of your death, you will never become a Canadian in the sense that your children, born out there, would be. You won't find other people's feet getting in the way of yours, after a few years, anything like so much they did at first; but you will never be perfectly sure that, at any moment, you may not give or receive an unexpected jar, for which you were totally unprepared by your English training and education. This remark was first made to me by a public official, who died not long ago in Canada, at the age of over seventy, having lived there since he was eighteen, and I have never seen cause to doubt its complete accuracy. It is the little things that count in the comradeship that comes from thorough mutual un-

derstanding; the little trivialities that are considered good form on one side of the water but wrong on the other, and *vice versa*. The very fact of our essential similarity emphasizes and underlines our diversity in trifling details, which we disregard as of no account, but which are part and parcel of our nature; and whose importance we only realize when we discover that a friend will often forgive an injury sooner than a fancied slight.

The Englishman in the Colonies is in a minority, and must be prepared to suffer accordingly, to be looked upon as fair game, and to stand good humoredly derogatory remarks concerning his native land, which would be very hotly resented were the position reversed. He is constantly reproached for not making sufficient allowance for the different conditions of life "out there" by the very man who habitually forgets that an Englishman's views must necessarily be colored by the circumstances of his birth and breeding. To the man born on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the very word "river" does not bear the same significance as it does to the man born on the banks of the Thames or the Tweed.

People who undertake a journey from Montreal to Winnipeg, in the same casual spirit that a Londoner travels to Liverpool, are apt to conclude that because they cover more ground they must necessarily learn more of "the world"—a dangerously ambiguous expression, because a London shoeblack who has never been outside the four-mile radius, may also be said to know "more of the world" than does the farmer on the prairie. Parochialism cuts a poor figure when laughing at insularity.

It may be paradoxical to say so, but one of the greatest obstacles to complete sympathy is the existence of a leisure class in the older country, a class that is practically unknown in the

daughter colonies. We still retain here to a much greater extent than we realize the old idea, due to the "militant régime," that the man who works for his living is socially inferior to the man who lives on inherited means. The colonist's idea is not only contradictory but contrary; his attitude towards the man of leisure is one of impatient contempt, tinged with a half irritated envy of the superior culture—I suppose I must use the word—which the latter has had time and wealth enough to acquire. The millionaire railway magnate thinks regretfully of what he might have been with the advantages of a public school and university education, forgetting that the time he put in as a section hand, or on a survey gang, has been of far more practical value to him than if it had been spent in the study of the classics.

Not long ago a Canadian was discussing certain investments with a member of one of our great families. Incidentally the Englishman remarked that he had never worked, and never would, adding as a reason that none of his family ever had. It would be hopeless to attempt to put those two men on terms of mutual comprehension. The Canadian regarded the remark as being almost equivalent to a confession of hereditary insanity, and considered that the man who made it was an object for pity, possibly for contempt. The Englishman made it carelessly, with no particular swagger, as one stating a fact that was self-evident, and certainly needed no apology.

Again, a Canadian girl (who, by the way, subsequently married an Englishman) told me once that the class whom she despised most in the old country was that of the English country gentleman. Probably the average Englishman would conclude that she was either a socialist or a fool. She was neither, she had thought a good deal

on the relationship between the two countries, but really the only defence I had to offer was that she had misunderstood their position, and that an English squire did an immense amount of useful public work for nothing. I am not discussing the actual merits of the case at issue; my point is simply that a girl, clever, well educated, and ranking in Canada on about the same level as a girl of good "county family" in England, looked down on a particular class in this country, which certainly thinks itself at least equal to the higher professions, socially speaking. She would consider that a squire might be a very pleasant person to meet, but that he would hardly be entitled to as much respect as the bank manager in a provincial town.

The leisure classes in England, relieved of the necessity of earning their daily bread, have been able to devote time and attention to the decorative side of life, and to oiling the wheels so that the machinery runs smoothly. That is why American heiresses marry into the peerage, and why American millionaires (retired) buy country houses and settle on this side of the Atlantic. The American love of a lord has become almost a byword with us, the real truth being that a seat in the Upper House is a social asset in Newport, but a handicap in Texas, and Texas is bigger than Newport; but we still distribute an occasional peerage, with knighthoods we are more lavish, among prominent Colonists, fondly imagining that these gifts are not only accepted with gratitude by the individual on whom they are bestowed, but are regarded as a personal compliment by the majority of his fellow countrymen. The fallacy lies in the assumption that a title makes the same impression on the man on the broncho as it does on the man on the 'bus. The Colonies are under the industrial régime, which estimates by a

very different standard the value of trappings.

What will be the upshot of it all? I hope I am not injuring Canadian *amour propre* when I hold that the independent autonomy of the Dominion must, for reasons which I have stated, be still in the distant future.

Judged merely by geographical considerations the ultimate political union of Canada and the United States is not more improbable to-day than was that of England and Scotland, say a couple of centuries and a couple of decades ago, but geography is only one factor in the question. Another, and a very powerful one, is the *argumentum ad crumenam*. If an intermediate tariff, involving a yet closer relationship with the U.S.A., is going materially to increase the income of the individual Canadian, he naturally begins to think about his duty to his wife and children,

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and to weigh the prospective advantages of complete political union.

The present status is only a stage in evolution, and cannot continue indefinitely. Possibly, as a Canadian friend suggests, the final solution lies in the hands of certain Chinese students now in Tokio. There are thirteen thousand of them there to-day trying to find out how the Japanese managed to more than hold their own against a first-class White Power. If they succeed, and if they impart the lesson to their four hundred million fellow countrymen, Canada in a few generations may be neither under the Union Jack, nor under the Stars and Stripes, but under a new heraldic combination of the two, charged with the maple leaf and the Southern Cross, and other strange devices possibly non-existent to-day.

"O."

CHARLES DICKENS REVISITED.

It is doubtless an amiable trait of human nature, this present exploitation by means of "Dickens' Fellowships," "Boz Clubs," and the like, of Dickens' claims as humanitarian and social reformer, but from the one essential standpoint, that of literature, the movement seems a trifle irrelevant. A novelist, one would think, is to be judged by his novels, as the expression in terms of art of his intellectual and imaginative powers, and not as they further this or that social propaganda, however laudable or sanctified by success, of which they are made the vehicle. If this is true, then our present concern with Dickens centres in the question,—is he still a vital force in literature? The question may savor of audacity, or worse; but the fact has got to be faced that despite the present "enthuaymussy" (as Dickens would

have called it) there are disquieting signs in the negative. A reference to his novels, in circles where literature counts for something more than the last batch of novels from The Book Club, is not always apprehended; and the ensuing explanation as often as not evokes the paralyzing rejoinder,— "Dickens? I can't read him." To the plain man, whose affection for this "good genle" of his youth is mainly a matter of prescription, these things are a thought perturbing. They imply that he is not quite at the centre of the situation: that his perspective is out of focus and needs adjusting. And then, perhaps, in some moment of introspection, the "twilight of dubiety" falls on him, falterings of self-suspicion begin to assail him, and he finds himself wondering whether, after all, his affection is according to knowledge, or is

but mere uncritical prepossession crystallized by time?—thoughts which finally take concrete shape in the question,—Would Dickens survive the test of a critical re-perusal after the lapse of a generation? Few of the idols of one's youth support the return so made upon them. For "years and our trials sets marks upon us all," as Mrs. Harris remarked to Mrs. Gamp; and to substitute, as a reflecting medium, the cold north-light of middle-age for the glamorous atmosphere of one's prime, is to court disillusion. Yes! the spring-time was the best, when in an ecstasy of anticipation one abandoned himself to the spell of this or that enchanter, and set out in joyous quest of the unknown, thrice happy could he experience the glorious thrill at the shock of the unexpected—the unexpected that never happens now. But "Anno Domini" is inexorable:—one never can

. . . recapture
That first fine careless rapture.

And thus it was with a chastened enthusiasm that one set out to revisit Charles Dickens.

A man's art is conditioned by his nature; his nature, though less absolutely, by his environment; and of Dickens more than most men is it true that to understand the author, you must first know the man. Dickens' character was by no means complex, though compounded of conflicting elements, and it stands fully revealed in his own *Letters* and *Forster's Life*. One figures him as a man of relentless and devouring energy, inflexible purpose, and superlative power of intellectual concentration, with an impulsive, emotional and imaginative—but not expansive—temperament, the outward and visible signs of a splendid physical organism. The defects of his qualities appear in a certain hard aggressiveness of character that brooked no obstacle; in a lack of introspection

which—blind to its finer issues—he disdained as a weakness; and in an excess of emotional susceptibility which made him a sentimentalist of the extreme type—one who cherished emotion for the sake of emotion.

Of Dickens' personal environment it is sufficient to say that his father supplied the leading traits to the character of Mr. Micawber, and that his mother suggested those of Mrs. Nickleby; that the domestic atmosphere of his early years was that of the Micawber household; and that, in essentials, his childhood was that of David Copperfield.

Given Dickens' nature, it was inevitable that he should turn his novels into weapons of offence against certain concrete social abuses; and he had his justification in the fact that they became "efficacious for reform." But this is not the whole matter. Let us render due homage to Dickens for the chivalry which prompted these efforts on behalf of the commonweal; but let the fact be faced that every such effort was a *post-obit* on his artistic reputation. Art has many mansions, but in the title-deeds of her heritage it is written that "the novel with a purpose" shall have no abiding place. Dickens' place in literature will be determined not by virtue of any moral purpose which animates his art, but in spite of it.

That no ulterior purpose informs or influences the novel which, above all others, is identified with the name of Dickens is probably a main factor in its supremacy in popular favor. Yet *Pickwick*, from first to last, is a piece of sheer improvisation, by no means original in plan, begun and accomplished in a spirit of splendid audacity by a young man of twenty-four, under no other compulsion than to be consistently diverting. But what an achievement it remains in pure inventive power! What an amazing fertility of resource is revealed on every page!

And how effectually is the irresponsibility of purpose implied in its conception conveyed to its characters, so that the reader himself is infected and becomes an accessory before and after the fact in the proceedings of Mr. Pickwick and his friends. What more need be said by way of criticism of a book whose potency so survives after the vicissitudes of seventy years? It is in vain that one reminds himself of its glaring inconsistencies: that, for example, begun as broad farce it evolves into "a middle-class epic," out of which Mr. Pickwick, author of "Speculations on the Source of the Hampstead Ponds, with some observations on the Theory of Tittlebats," emerges the kindly and sagacious philosopher, tolerant of human foibles, and always heartily on the side of human enjoyment; and Sam Weller, that incarnation of Cockney impudence, an embodiment of trusty fidelity, as full of resource, as invincible, as any cape and sword hero of old romance. These things are as dust in the balance weighed against the sense inspired by the book of "the joy of eventful living"; against its abounding gaiety and good-humor, its buoyant and contagious exhilaration, its frank acceptance of the good things of life, its out-of-doors freshness, its genial sympathy with the underside of human nature, its touches of unaffected pathos, its spirit of charity and human-kindness supreme over all.

The interest of the characters is purely external. For psychological delineation—that process of mental vivisection which, as practised by certain living professors of the cult, bids fair to resolve the ultimate problem of metaphysics by creating *mind* without *matter*—Dickens had no care. His genius was perceptive, not introspective. His creations come within the category of those who "never have any fun with their minds." Rarely does he develop character through circumstance. The

exceptions in proof are—of the first, the cogitations of Jonas Chuzzlewit after the murder of Montague Tigg; of the second—the career of Pip in *Great Expectations*. Two notable exceptions, it is true, but still exceptions.

In close connection with Dickens' perceptive faculty is his wonderful descriptive power. He visualizes rather than portrays. Detail on detail is piled up until the cumulative effect is such that the thing described is not merely realized but seen. Resolve any of his set descriptive pieces into its elements, and you get the items of an inventory. He is no impressionist, but he knows how to create an "atmosphere"; how to link the destinies of his characters with the phenomena of nature so as to convey a subtle sense of impending calamity.

The range and flexibility of Dickens' genius is revealed in the contrast between *Pickwick* and its immediate successor, *Oliver Twist*. They have hardly a single point of contact, yet each in its way is potential of Dickens' powers at their highest and best. But in *Oliver Twist* we enter the region of didacticism. The avowed purpose of the book was to correct the perverted sentimentality which made heroes of such picturesque rascals as Paul Clifford and Eugene Aram, Dick Turpin and Claude Duval. Thackeray essayed a like task in *Catherine* and *Barry Lyndon*; but irony, as a dissolvent for popular use, is of dubious utility. Dickens had not the ironic temperament: the detachment implied in it was alien to his nature. He sought to achieve his end by the more direct method of drawing the world of social outlawry with Hogarthian fidelity, thinking that the "dregs of life" might subserve his purpose "so long as their speech did not offend the ear." He did not see that in this qualification there lurked the germ of failure. For it committed him to a certain amount of

idealization, and therefore to the very fault he was engaged in correcting. It did more. The adult reader of *Oliver Twist* knows that he is moving in a world "where more is meant than meets the ear"—a world, in fact, of unprintable things—and he adjusts his conception accordingly. But it is part of the irony of things that occasionally the aim of the moral preceptor shall be (in Mr. Weller Senior's word) "circumvented" by the puppets designed to subserve it; and, in the sequel, the reader falls a victim to the irrepressible gaiety of the Artful Dodger and the delightful ingenuousness of Mr. Charley Bates. In fact, these twin-brethren of the world of petty-larceny suborn him to join in the mirth unconsciously provoked by the immaculate Oliver. But, with Mr. Bates, he may plead by way of extenuation, "I can't help it; he is so jolly green." And in truth Dickens' divinatory power in the case of "a soaring human boy," to be splendidly exemplified at a later date, is here dormant. But the Dodger and Charley Bates make amends for all.

In a modified degree, this criticism applies to the characters of Fagin and Bill Sikes. Fagin, black-hearted as he is, has a sense of humor not usually conceded to his race; and Sikes, though a brute, a turn for straight-dealing of the "honor among thieves" variety, which is a relief to the incorrigible duplicity of his craftier associate. Sikes, in fact, is "all in one piece"—the most consistent and coherent character that Dickens ever drew. No higher testimony to his truth to nature, and to the real creative power that went to his making, is needed than the fact that for nearly seventy years he has stood without a rival as the type of, and convenient synonym for, the English criminal class.

But the real masterpiece of the book, in the way of creative power, is Nancy.

In the entire range of Dickens' achievement, there is no character that appeals so strongly to one's sense of the real or that displays anything like the same grasp of the elemental woman. By a subtle stroke, her unquestionable depravity is redeemed by a spark of that dormant potential motherhood which is the heritage of her sex, and which in her case transfigures her nature and touches her dim and dormant soul to finer issues. Dickens never repeated that first success. His Lady Dedlocks and Mrs. Dombey's, his Mrs. Steerforths and Mrs. Clennams—pairs who might interchange characters without loss of identity—his Rosa Dartles and so forth—all go to prove that the "eternal feminine" was outside his sphere. Esther Summerson, his most ambitious effort in that line, seems to exist to give point to Matthew Arnold's dictum about the eternal distinction between *simplesse* and *simplicité*. In truth, Dickens' young women are in general either insipidities or beatifications. Ruth Pinch, evidently his ideal of womanhood—for over no other does he grow so excruciatingly dithyrambic—is painfully limited and commonplace. The fact is, that woman as an intellectual being, with an orbit of her own, simply does not enter into Dickens' scheme of things. Not even in the populous gallery of his humorous creations is there one woman who for mental force and mother-wit can rival Mrs. Poyser. A Jeannie Deans, a Beatrix Esmond, or a Maggie Tulliver, were quite outside his ken.

The limitation here implied in Dickens' art is visible to the end. It is particularly obvious in his handling of that common theme of the story-teller in all ages,—a love-affair. He there betrays an ineptness, an ignorance of what is really implied by the situation that is amazing. In general, it provokes him to a display of facetiousness—the facetiousness of the "knowing"

spectator of a certain age. Now a situation in which the central and accepted fact is the deadly earnestness of the two principals may have its humorous or its ironic aspect for the looker-on; but comic in itself it is not. Moreover, the canons even of fiction demand that a thing shall be presented with some approach to what in itself it really is, and not as it may appear to be to a third party—who, in the particular instance, has no business to be there at all.

It hardly needs to be said, therefore, that one must not look to Dickens for any true delineation of the passion of love: that incalculable and consuming emotion which seizes hold of a nature, even the strongest and most self-contained, masters it, transforms it, sweeps it—heart and brain and soul—into the intense focus of one passionate desire. So far from this, one cannot recall, in the whole range of his writings, any shining instance of that sustained conjugal affection,—

. . . the help in strife,
The thousand sweet, still joys of such
As hand in hand face earthly life—

which is the beginning and end of the domestic felicity of which he is acclaimed the apostle. On the contrary, the dominating personalities among his married women are either shrews, like Mrs. Varden, Mrs. Snagsby and Mrs. Gargery; or detrimental, like Mrs. Jellyby and Mrs. Micawber; or (if widows may be counted) undesirables, like Mrs. Nickleby and Flora Finching.

Oliver Twist—typical of its successors in this as in so much else—is curiously unequal both in technique and intellectual power. On the first count, it lacks cohesion, due primarily to Dickens' congenital want of the co-ordinating faculty; but also, and in a great degree, to the very prodigality of his equipment, which tempted him into those lavish displays of episodic

power in which his books abound. Intent on these, the sterner requirements of his art are lost sight of: the sequence of events is continually broken, so that the reader has to hark back to pick up the thread; and in other ways, the essential matter of construction is subordinated to the exigencies of the moment. It is possible for an austere æstheticism to see in these episodes no more than mere mazes of irrelevancy; but they are of the essence of Dickens and cannot be dispensed with. They are to be regarded as the aberrations of a spendthrift of genius, burdened with a plethora of capital that would set up a dozen ordinary novelists for life, and bent on getting rid of it while the days and hours were. And when all is said, the world is the richer for the prodigality.

For this, one forgives him his technical shortcomings: his often faulty construction, his defective contrivance, with its violation of probability and abuse of coincidence; and the shifts and expedients, whether of character or incident, to which he resorts to serve the ends of narrative. But it is not so easy to condone his shortcomings on the intellectual side,—his "gushy" sentiment, his overwrought and often maudlin pathos, the stilted artificiality of much of his dialogue, the frequent banality of his commentary, and the crudity of his criticism of life. These things may wring a groan of impatience from the reader of to-day; but while still smarting under the provocation he may happen to turn the page, and be suddenly lost to everything except the transcendent power of this puissant genius. For sheer intensity of imaginative power there is surely nothing in its kind equal to the close of *Oliver Twist*, from the murder of Nancy right up to the tremendous climax of the crowning fatality.

It is a thing to be remarked as lying at the root of much that detracts

from Dickens' appeal to present-day readers that it was a necessity of his temperament that he should exact the utmost from his powers, both in the general sense of satisfying a demand of his moral energy, and in the other and limited sense of pushing each particular endowment to its uttermost expression. That the excess of a quality may be its defect; that restraint no less than energy is a factor in art, were truths Dickens was slow to learn. To the last, he never overcame a tendency to exhaust the potentialities of a thing; and this way caricature lies. To give an example, — one of his very last creations is Sapsea, the auctioneer, in *Edwin Drood*, by whom he intended to typify "an old Tory jackass." Politics apart, Sapsea never once lapses into anything so real. He is not even a caricature, since caricature assumes some basis of reality; and Sapsea is not merely unreal, he is imaginary—a jackass *minus* the ears.

The truth is, Dickens was an unconscious caricaturist. He had every qualification for the office but one: a keen eye for external oddities of feature and character, the right selective instinct, a faculty of humorous exaggeration; everything, except restraint. Lacking this, his teeming fancy and overpowering sense of fun sometimes take the bit between their teeth and plunge into the wildest audacities. It is an exhilarating performance, while it lasts; but the effect of it is often to carry Dickens over the borderland of caricature and land him in the grotesque. His fault as a caricaturist is over-emphasis in characterization, where some oddity of gesture, speech, or feature is insisted upon, in season and out of season, to the point of resembling the grin of the Cheshire Cat, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

This trait of over-emphasis vitiates his attempts to point a moral by em-

bodying some abstract quality and giving it a proper name. Human nature acknowledges no such thorough-going monopolists of the abstract vices as Dombey, Pecksniff, Old Dorrit, The Chuzzlewits, Gradgrind, Ralph Nickleby, Quilp, Uriah Heep, and the rest, — some of them creatures of unalloyed maleficence. Dickens never seems to grasp the commonplace truth that human nature in the concrete is a complex thing, rarely a thing of pure black or pure white, but one susceptible of an infinite variety of light and shade. When he sits down to draw a strongly marked character he becomes like the first-tragedy man in Mr. Vincent Crumple's company, who when he played Othello used to black himself all over.

Dickens' genius working in a free medium is buoyant, intrepid, irresistible. Working in an intractable medium (and his choice in this direction was not always felicitous) it becomes flat, contriving, unimpressive. It is this fact which vitiates much of his social satire. To be effective, a satirist, whatever his other qualifications, must know his victim's strong points as well as his weak ones. And it is here, precisely, that Dickens fails. He was of the people and he wrote for the people. His knowledge of the lower middle-class and of the classes that come under the designation of "the poor" was such, and so displayed, that it is bare truth to say, he made one half of England know how the other half lived. These monopolized his sympathies. The leisured and the moneyed classes, and the large and miscellaneous class with neither leisure nor money, but who have intellectual culture, he did not know and did not care to know. His state of mind regarding these may not unfairly be described as a cultivated ignorance determined by prejudice. By way of result, we get such palpable parodies of the aristocracy as Cousin Feenix Sir Leicester

Dedlock and his sister Volumnia, and in the case of the plutocracy, such monstrosities as Bounderby and Gradgrind. Further, his satire, lacking the first-hand and intimate knowledge indispensable to its success, is over charged and without point. It has even a more fatal defect. In its concentrated bitterness humor has no part, and the fault against which the gods themselves are said to strive in vain afflicts it. It is dull: how dull, the reader who has set himself to traverse that Sahara, *Our Mutual Friend*, with its Podsnaps, its Veneerings, its Lammles, and the rest, only knows. Dickens' individual satire is another and a finer thing. There are passages in *Little Dorrit* in which the Father of the Marshalsea figures, that for mordant humor and realization of the irony of juxtaposition are not to be surpassed.

Dickens' social satire inevitably suggests his social philosophy, much banded about in these days. So far as this is susceptible of definition at all, it may be described as the outcome of an exaggerated altruism, which finds its highest expression in the character of Sidney Carton, and its normal in that of John Jarndyce, the deputy-Providence of *Bleak House*. In its more concrete form (as in his *Christmas Stories*) it resolves itself into a belief that the social problem is to be solved by an indiscriminate benevolence issuing in a constant attack on the peptic powers of the poor,—as if the one essential of true happiness was a skinful of good things. This indeed, as his novels testify, is Dickens' universal and unfailling panacea for most of the ills of life. One tangible result of his propaganda was to impose Christmas on the English people as a season of wassail and good-will. Under his dispensation we all to this day become, voluntarily or by coercion, altruists for one week out of fifty-two, and "remem-

ber" the poor—the poor that are with us always.

The novel in these days has come to be regarded as a "criticism of life," to be judged according to its greater or less cogency in that particular. One would hardly care to stake Dickens' reputation on such a test. There is little positive criticism of life in his novels, and that not of a shining kind. Great in perception, he was weak in reflection: One may read Dickens through and never once experience any excitement of the reflective sense. It is the same with his characters—and no author ever so identified himself with his favorite creations as Dickens—they do everything but *think*. There is not even among them any of that healthy friction of mind against mind which generates the spark that lights up a man's intellectual interior, and enables one to see what is at the back of his mind. It is not to be imputed to Dickens that in his world the man or woman of ideals does not exist; but it is something of an imputation that among the crowd that do people it there is a total lack of that diffused sagacity, that sapient outlook on life, born of long commerce with the world of men, to which Scott, for example, has accustomed us in characters so diverse as Bailie Nicol Jarvie and Dugald Dalgetty, to name only two. One would even welcome a spark of that combined shrewdness and prudence, of the earth, earthy,—"canniness,"—which lit up the deathbed of the Laird of Dumbiedikes:

Dinna let the warld get a grip o' ye, Jock—but keep the gear thegither! . . . When ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping.

Dickens' philosophy of life may be said to centre in a buoyant optimism, qualified by a belief in a Nemesis for wrong-doers. There is something very

naive in Dickens' unflinching reliance on this device to bring about poetical justice. His wicked may flourish as a green-bay tree, but the reader is in no wise disturbed; for he knows that Nemesis, often in the oddest guise, is lurking somewhere round the corner. In short, his view of life is of the old "a penny plain, two-pence colored" variety, with its inevitable downfall of vice and triumph of virtue. It is concise; but, to "such a being as man in such a world as the present," not quite conclusive.

As a sentimentalist, Dickens was peculiarly assailable on the pathetic side. It is not, however, the immense pathos of life with its tale of frustrated endeavor, hope denied, aspiration mocked, and all its unending irony of circumstance, that moves him. Here, as elsewhere, he craves the concrete and the particular—something tangible, and facile for tears. This he finds in the lingering deaths and death-beds of young children. Now pathos of this type, if it is to be exploited at all, should be spontaneous in origin and sudden in effect—striking the mind with a kind of stab. Dickens' pathos is just the reverse. It is not brief, and it is ostentatiously lachrymose. His little victims are tricked out for sacrifice from the beginning; and they are "an unconscionable time a-dying." They pursue their fatal destiny along a road paved with signs, portents, and premonitions; and, the journey done, the curtain is rung down on their little lives to the accompaniment of slow music and the recitation of a threnody in blank verse. Doubtless this "wallowing naked in the pathetic" has a certain appeal for certain people—the sort of people whose taste in art finds full satisfaction in Sir Luke Fildes' picture, "The Doctor." But the plain man whose lot it has been to bow his head under the stroke of such a visitation, and with close-lipped endurance

to strive to keep his continence of soul, will be moved to ask whether, in these attempts on his fortitude, the author or artist is quite "playing the game"?

It is fair to say, however, that Dickens is capable of a genuine and spontaneous pathos,—sudden, brief, poignant,—such as is revealed when the poor epileptic maid-of-all-work at Snagsby's, recounting her interview with Lady Dedlock, remarks, with an inadvertent humor that imparts the last touch of poignancy,—

And so I took the letter from her, and she said she had nothing to give me—and I said I was poor myself, and consequently wanted nothing.

"Humor," saith the wise man, "is the salt of life." Had he lived in the day when the fate of most novels is to die in early infancy of sheer inanition, he might have added, "and the soul of fiction." When criticism has said its last and worst of Charles Dickens, the supreme test of his genius will be that his creations *live*. And the *elixir vita* by which they live—live, and move, and have their being—is humor. This is Dickens' incommunicable part, his innate and unacquired gift. It is the vital breath of that portion of his work which seems destined to endure.

It would be futile to attempt to convey any impression of all that this quality counts for in Dickens. In his early books it is all-pervading; nothing is too trivial for its manifestation. As an idealizing medium in the delineation of character—its chief function—its achievements are as remarkable as its range of application is astonishing. In its simplest form it seizes on the commonplace — otherwise artistically unprofitable—permeates it, redeems it, gives it a savor, and presents us with so rich a thing as Mr. Chuckster. Or, more audacious, it takes hold of an "unlimited miscreant" like Squeers, and converts him into "a fellow of infinite

jest," for whose re-appearance the reader ardently longs. Or, blending with the chivalry of a genial and generous nature, it invests with a kind of halo the simple and the child-like,

Delicate spirits, push'd away
In the hot press of the noon-day—

and gives us Tom Pinch and Joe Gargery. Or it transmutes the terrible into the endurable by humanizing the socially proscribed, and so creates a new order in fiction, of which Mr. Dick in *David Copperfield*, Barnaby Rudge, Miss Flite in *Bleak House* and Mr. F's Aunt in *Little Dorrit* are typical members. Or, still pursuing its beneficent function, it becomes a sanctifying influence among the flotsam and jetsam of society, as in Dick Swiveller and his Marchioness; or its derelicts, as in Jingle and Job Trotter; or its outcasts, as in Joe in *Bleak House* and Magwitch in *Great Expectations*.

But to realize Dickens' humor in its full potency as an idealizing medium, one must see it as the hand-maid of his "shaping spirit of imagination." Among the multitude of his creations, three characters stand out as marked by that quality of inimitability which is one of the attributes of genius—Pecksniff, Micawber, and Mrs. Gamp. Dickens himself tells us how the first and last of these masterpieces of creative humor seized hold of his imagination, "possessed" him, led him captive, and unfolded themselves almost without volition on his part. Their originality is attested by their possession of that quality of *unction* which seems to be the differentiating quality between the creations of genius and those of mere talent. Dickens' biographer could see in Pecksniff no more than "a sleek, smiling, crawling abomination" who "inspires a hearty detestation in every healthy mind"—a judgment enough to make every healthy-minded Briton

with a grain of humor thank his stars that his name is not Forster. To such, Pecksniff is a never-failing source of joy, a pure emanation of the Comic Spirit. His discourse rises like "a steam of rich distilled perfumes," that nimbly and sweetly recommends itself to one's moral self-complacency; for is not hypocrisy the homage which vice pays to virtue? And is not his perennial vitality as a plant indigenous to British soil attested by that expressive and invaluable adjective, "Pecksniffian"?

As to Micawber, to the eye of abject realism, what is he but a type of the improvident shiftlessness and chronic impecuniosity that ends in moral and material bankruptcy? A man cannot live on hope, tempered by promissory notes. Mr. Mantalini tried it and came to an inglorious end. The "demnition discount" bewailed by that fascinating personage, must sooner or later have sent Micawber also to the "demnition bow-wows." But to the friendly eye of humor, Micawber is the unconquerable optimist, the indomitable adventurer; the man of many devices, unsubdued by the austerities of life, and investing them with a glamor that robs them of their importunity; the genial moralist—out of whose multifarious experience there evolves a philosophy of life that can never grow old—

Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the God of day goes down upon the dreary scene and—and, in short, you are for ever floored.

Lastly, there is that marvel of creative fancy and imaginative humor—Dickens' masterpiece—Mrs. Gamp. With the vicissitudes of sixty years behind her, she is still, in the words of her admirer Bailey Junior, "in full bloom, all a blowin' and a growin'." The se-

cret of this perennial freshness lies in her origin. She is the outcome of her creator's perceptive experience, subtly idealized by humor, yet so that the essential characteristics of the Gampish nature, in all their unloveliness, have full play. There is a ripe, full-bodied flavor about Sairey, a refulgence as of "an aged and a great wine," that proclaims her lineage. She is with Falstaff. There is the same rich unctuousness of character, the same superb self-sufficiency, the same opulence of statement and fantastic play of imagination, the same insuperable proclivity to "sack." But the egotism which is an inseparable feature of either character is in Mrs. Gamp subdued. For Dickens, by a happy stroke of genius, created a medium for Sairey's self-revelation which refracts her self-assertion; and which, at the same time, is in itself a humorous conception of the first order—the famous, the enigmatical, the ever-delightful Mrs. Harris. That the last touch may not be wanting to so opulent a personality, Mrs. Gamp is endowed with a vocabulary at once rich, idiomatic, inimitable, that issues in a style of corresponding quality with a natural rhythm that is in itself a triumph of art.

The sources of Dickens' humor are neither deep nor subtle. It is never a disguise for the melancholy bred in a strenuous nature by the disparity between the ideal and the actual in men and in life; nor a vent for the impatience generated in an imaginative temperament by the spectacle of human folly; nor a medium to refract the disillusionment of an ardent soul foiled in the attempt to solve "the riddle of the painful earth." It is a humor which seeks and finds its ratification in laughter,—a mirth-provoking humor,—emanating from the animal spirits of a man with a keen sense of the ludicrous, and an abnormal faculty for

perceiving the more obvious incongruities of life. That this is its paramount source is proved by the gulf that yawns between Dickens' early work and his later. As his animal spirits died down, the old plenary power and inspiration, so visible in his early novels up to *David Copperfield*, began to fail him; the humor that once floated everything it touched began to slacken and grow intermittent, until it finally ebbed away in the sandy wastes of *Our Mutual Friend*. Even his style, once a thing of power, if not of beauty, grew labored and tortuous, and beset with mannerisms that are a weariness of the flesh.

If Dickens in certain particulars fails to support the return made upon him, if some disenchantment follows on a critical re-perusal of his work, his spell in the main is still potent, and the essential greatness of his achievement is never in question. No writer of the Victorian era, Carlyle excepted, generates in the mind of his reader so vivid a sense of genius; of that sheer demonic power which must wreak itself, whether in literature or elsewhere; and which compels recognition if it does not command assent. He accomplished many things. He achieved some which no one else had adventured; and this with a supreme felicity that proscribed, though it did not deter, imitation. By influence, not less than by performance, he ranks as one of the great forces of English literature. Time may diminish the potency of his appeal; ignore it, never. And the paramount source of that appeal, as already indicated, is his humor. It is here that we come into touch with the authentic and unmistakable Dickens—the inimitable part of him. This is his true patent of immortality. So long as pity and chivalry, mirth and laughter, have dominion on the earth, so long will the name of Charles Dickens endure and his power extend. And

as one takes leave of him, it is with the conviction that whosoever his influence may penetrate, *there* will be one
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beneficent and humanizing agent the more at work among men.

William A. Sibbald.

THE STATE OF RUSSIA.

(Concluded.)

We have dealt, so far, with our questions as to the actual state of things in Russia, as to revolutionary activity, and as to the counter-measures taken by the present Government. Let us now see what light can be thrown on the second of our original questions—namely, as to the composition and probable fate of the Dooma.

It is obvious that if any improvement can be noted it is only in comparison with the greater horrors of the past two years. Discontent is still all but universal; but is now directed from the Right as well as the Left against the devoted Ministry, which, while Liberal by profession, is Conservative in aim and despotic in action. The parties that returned a large majority to the last Dooma are being hampered and persecuted; the electorate diminished by Senatorial "Explanations" backed by arbitrary and repressive measures; the Press bullied much in the old fashion; and the peasant treated, to use an Oriental expression, to "first the stick and then the sugar-stick." The Left claims, indeed, that persecution will have its usual result in rallying and uniting its forces; the Right trumpets a reaction that is to utterly discomfit the "enemies of their country." Leaders and publicists on both sides are full of fight and fury; but the country, owing to a variety of causes, is undoubtedly more apathetic than last year; and in view of this, of the partial reaction, and of the losses occasioned to the Radical electorate by various Government measures, the Left feels more

and more the necessity of combined action as defined by M. Plekhánoff:

Political wisdom demands from us, now, that we should willingly come to an agreement with the non-proletariat parties in all cases when such a course is requisite to secure victory over the reaction. Whoever, in the name of misunderstood "irreconcilability," refuses to do so in effect supports the Government, and therefore acts as the enemy of freedom.

In other words, where any opposition party is not in a position to secure the return of its own candidate, it should work for that opponent of the Government who has the best chance of success.

To the foreign observer the saddest feature, perhaps, in the whole situation is the striking disregard of common humanity shown by all alike—the Revolutionists with their bombs and Brownings, the Government with its shootings and hangings, the "true Russians" with their ferocious endeavors to bring about fresh *pogroms*. Truly "the dark places of the earth are full of cruelty." Only the weak and shadowy Centre still preaches humanity, there alone do we find any trace of Christian feeling; but the day has not yet come for moderation, and the new Dooma will probably show strength—not necessarily numerical strength—only at both extremes.

The tendency, indeed, is to concentration on the Left and on the Right; to division in the Centre, where alone we have a new party—that of "Peaceful Regeneration," due to secession

from the Octobrists of certain prominent members, led by Count Heyden, who were alarmed and dissatisfied at signs of reaction in the counsels of that party. Well-wishers to Russia would gladly hail the success at the elections of Count Heyden's followers, for that would mean the triumph of moderate men and peaceful methods; but such a consummation, however devoutly to be wished, is not, alas! to be expected.

The advocates of a *bloc*, a temporary alliance of all the parties of the Left for purposes of the present elections, under the banner of "All the Liberties and a Responsible Ministry"—responsible, that is, to the Duma—seem confident of success. The fear of such a combination, indeed, is supposed to be at the bottom of the Ministry's desperate endeavors to crush the Constitutional Democrats and conciliate its opponents of the Right. The Labor representatives, who, strictly speaking, formed not an organized party but a group, entered the last Duma some ninety strong. How will it be now? They were said to have a platform but no programme. Their sympathies were with the Socialists, but they had put Socialism aside for the more practical pursuit of purely political aims. The Senatorial "Explanations" may affect them to some extent, to the benefit of the Government, but not largely; in any case they cannot be expected to support the present Ministry, but the question is, will they join such a *bloc* or keep to themselves?

The veteran Socialist, M. Plekhánoff, issued on the last day of October an eloquent appeal for unity amongst working men, who last year for the most part refused to go to the urns. That in Poland, at least, such an appeal is sadly needed is proved by the fact that at Lodz during the last weeks of October no fewer than forty-eight workmen were killed and wounded in

party quarrels. A little later, by way of smoothing over the difficulties between the Constitutional Democrats and Socialists, M. Arsénieff, another veteran, urged that it was a question rather of policy than of aim, calling the latter Revolutionists, the former Evolutionists, and maintaining that the difference between their ideals did not necessitate opposition in action.

The Kadets (Constitutional Democrats or party of National Freedom) put forward as the first plank in their electoral platform local self-government, "a new and interesting feature," said the "Tovarishch," as this question has hitherto attracted little attention, and the Right makes use of the Zemstvo organization cleverly enough, while the Left has done little to secure the introduction there of the democratic elements—peasants elected by the Volosts. "It is true that some individual members of the Duma did put forward local self-government, but only with a view to agrarian reform, which they considered could be realized in no other way." Here again M. Stoleepin has endeavored to steal a march on his opponents, declaring in an interview published in the "Times" on October 31, that the object of the Government was "to build up from the foundation; in other words, to create and foster the principle of local government."

At the last election the Extreme Left abstained, but since then there has been a great change, and from the very beginning of the electoral campaign urgent calls to record every possible vote have been made from all sides. Last year the main fight was between the Octobrists and the Kadets; now we have "a complicated grouping, presenting to the electors incomparably more serious and more responsible demands."

The side issues are, indeed, complicated, but the main issue, after all, is

just what it was—namely, is the nation at large ready to pass a vote of confidence in the bureaucratic *régime* or not? And we can hardly be in doubt as to the answer. But the verdict may be masked, the jury intimidated; the Ministry may find itself in a position to keep the extremists in check by the simple expedient of pitting one against the other. One thing, however, is certain—if they do not, if the Left in overwhelming strength attempts to repeat the tactics of last year, or if the two extreme parties between them make things impossible, the second Dooma will incur the fate of the first; for the Government at present is sure of the army, and so long as that is the case, so long as it can rely on a supremacy of physical force, it will not turn its cheek to the smiter.

It is a strange thing, after all, this loyalty of the army—humiliating, consolatory; something to weep at, to exult in, according to the point of view from which it is considered. The peasant, the workman, is taken unwillingly, torn from home and occupation, drilled and cuffed about in a barrack yard, and in six months he can in most cases be relied on to shoot or cut down his brothers in the street at the word of command. If ever there was a chance of gaining over the troops to the revolutionary cause it was last year, after the disasters of the war, and when the spirit of revolt had spread like wildfire through the country. The revolutionary parties thoroughly understood this. Their chance came with the return of the beaten soldiery from Manchuria; they did their best and scored some successes here and there. But, on the whole, they failed. On one or two occasions troops refused to fire on the mob; there were several instances of insubordination, notably in the Premier Guard Regiment, the Emperor's Own,

the famous Preobrazhensky, dating from Peter's boyhood. But the army as a whole remained true to its colors and to its oath, and, being Russian, did the work of suppression, the work it was called upon to do, zealously, ruthlessly, to the bitter disappointment of the Revolutionists. The Russian is, in truth, a barbarian, not because he is incapable of better things, but simply because he is only semi-civilized, and, like all barbarians, he likes killing; the shedding of blood gives him pleasure. We see it in the annals of Russian warfare, we see it in the records of past and present internal troubles. The want of humanity that characterizes all parties to the struggle now raging has already been noted; and, were it not tragic, one might laugh at the solicitude of both sides for human life when it is their own adherents that suffer. The conscience of the nation, we were told years ago, and the Dooma repeated it, demanded the abolition of the death penalty. But the conscience of the nation slept when Skobelev sacked Geok Tepe in 1881, and again when 6,000 unarmed Chinese were slaughtered at Blagovieshtchensk in 1900. The daily executions by drumhead court-martial excite vast indignation on the Left, which has not a word to say against the slaughter of officials, policemen, soldiers, and innocent passers-by in the sacred name of freedom. The Right exults openly in the punitive expeditions and the *pogroms*, with their truly sickening details. Nor is this seeming contradiction due to hypocrisy. The Russians have not yet reached the stage of civilization when hypocrisy acquires sufficient value to flourish. It is simply a case of that barbarism through which all Western nations have likewise passed—and not so very long ago, after all. Nor is the cruelty of the Russians of the fiendish type characteristic of Southern Europe; it is akin rather to

the dull brutality of the Northerner, due to ignorance and bluntness of perception, which passes away gradually with the growth of civilization. The good nature of the *moozheek* in ordinary life has become almost proverbial; it has been dwelt on lovingly by so many writers that the opposite manifestations of recent times have puzzled foreigners not a little. As a matter of fact, as all who know the Russian peasant intimately are aware, his kindness of heart and bestial ferocity are equally genuine and equally strong. And the peasant and the soldier are one.

We have already noted the ready way in which the recruits have come in this season—a fact that no one would have ventured to predict a few months ago. The Left is undoubtedly chagrined, but puts a good face on, and pretends that word was sent round through its agents not to interfere with but to favor the conscription as much as possible, with a view to increasing the revolutionary leaven in the ranks of the army. It may be so, but we take leave to doubt it. The fact is that the peasants, as a whole, have not yet got beyond the stage of economic discontent, which manifests itself in various ways, but not in a refusal to serve with the colors, especially at a time when the chance of foreign war is extremely remote. The whole army being renewed in the course of three years, the revolutionists at the commencement of the troubles assigned that period for the success of their propaganda. Within three times twelve months every man in the ranks would have joined after the war, after the dawn of liberty in Russia. Then we should see! But so far it does not appear likely that this prediction will be verified. In the long run, if misgovernment continues, if the peasants, instead of settling down to the cultivation of the land, old and new, under the

improved conditions of tenure, continue dissatisfied and take to politics, the army, too, will be affected throughout. Meantime, it will continue to shoot, and slash, and thrust when ordered; and, that being so, the Government of the Tsar will have no hesitation in turning out a second Dooma if it should prove equally as recalcitrant as the first.

Of the Russian navy it would be kinder, doubtless, to say nothing. Yet in our review of the situation it cannot be left wholly out of sight. There are Russians, and in the highest places, who, echoing a question often heard abroad, ask: "What good is a navy to us?" Why spend more millions in rebuilding a fleet that can have no meaning unless strong enough, in every sense, to engage a first-class naval Power with some chance of success, when the conditions are such as to preclude the attainment of such strength within a reasonable period? The possible enemies of Russia at sea are Japan, England, and Germany. To fight any one of them would require not merely a fleet, but a navy, a navy fitted in all respects to solve the problem that would arise from a conflict with one or other of those Powers—a living organism, in short, with heart and head to inspire and direct, as well as a hand to fight. The ships can be built or bought—that is merely a question of money, and the money will, if necessary, be forthcoming. But can Russia hope to man them as they should be manned? Can she hope to inform the navy, as a whole, with the spirit that would make victory possible, or at least a second Tsushima impossible?

On the eve of the late war the fiftieth anniversary of what Western Europe calls "the massacre of Sinope" was celebrated in Russian naval circles as if it had been another Nile or Trafalgar. The Russian naval officer, with little behind him but victories

cheaply won over the Turk, in which the leading part was played by Scotchmen or Englishmen, and the heroic defence of Sevastopol, where his rôle was not even amphibious, had evolved, heaven knows how, an inordinate vanity such as his brother of the army, for all his really glorious past, had never developed. And this vanity blinded him to a large extent to the grave defects of a system of which he was at once the product and the victim. Otherwise he could not have failed to perceive that with corruption and incompetence in the Admiralty and dockyards, with ships obsolete before they were launched (some of those present at Port Arthur and Tsushima were seven years in building), with a *personnel* recruited as to the men from the peasants of the interior and condemned to live half the year in barracks, it behooved him to be moderate in his hopes, modest in his opinions.

But though all this is true, and though one very powerful party advocates the construction of no stronger vessels than modified "Seniavins" for coast defence, it may be taken for granted that the millions will be found and spent, the fleet rebuilt, the navy reorganized; and it must be admitted that any other course would be unreasonable, unworthy of a great nation which, however dark the present may be, has every right to look with confidence to a not very distant future. Sooner or later the day must come when Russia will once more hold up her head amongst the nations. It can hardly be doubted that, whatever her form of Government, she will then look upon a powerful navy as a *sine qua non*, and it is therefore incumbent on her present rulers to ensure to the extent of their power the maintenance of the dockyards and all building resources of the country, to replace the vessels lost, to create a new and more adequate *personnel*, and to reform the

administration. As to this there can be no question; nor need there be any, we may suppose, as to the intentions of the Emperor himself. The real problem is how to restore that spirit of discipline and devotion to duty without which ships and guns, however numerous, however powerful, are worse than useless.

The revolutionary spirit found its way into the navy long ago. One of the chief conspirators in 1881 was Sookhánoff, a naval lieutenant. He it was who laid the mine by which Alexander II. was to have been blown up had he taken the alternative route from the Michael Palace on the fatal March 1. Since then the enemies of the autocracy have found fertile soil in the ranks of the navy for the spread of their subversive ideas, and, above all, of course, since the disasters of the Japanese war. The part played by the navy in the present phase of the revolutionary movement is too recent and too crying to bear repetition. All we need note is that discipline and subordination are at a very low ebb; the fleet woefully reduced; the administration, so far as we know, much as it was; its councils certainly divided. It will take several years to rebuild the ships; and, in view of what is passing in the country, we shall hardly be wrong in assuming that it will take still longer to restore the *personnel* to even its former level.

Admiral Skridloff quite recently complained, in an Order of the day, that in the lectures delivered by the officers to their men no care was taken to answer those current questions that touched more nearly the interests of the "peasant sailors," or could influence satisfactorily the development of the military spirit and help the men to grasp a right idea of duty and discipline—in other words, the admiral would fight the revolutionary spirit in the lecture-room. But we may doubt

the wisdom of officially recognizing that the Russian Jack-tar is a peasant first and a sailor afterwards. It is surely not conducive to discipline, at a time such as this, to remind him of class distinctions.

For practical fighting purposes the Russian navy is just now as good as non-existent, and, whatever reforms may be accomplished, for generations to come there will be left the primary obstacle to its complete efficiency—the fact, not always remembered either at home or abroad, that Russia has no national seaboard; that all the dwellers on her coasts are aliens in race, aliens in religion. Even if the empire remain united, this disability will continue to exist, while in the event of dismemberment it will be further intensified.

We have so far purposely refrained from mention of the Jewish question, one of the most important of the many that go to make up the complicated total problem of Russia's present state and future prospects. The civilized world has read from time to time with horror and dismay of the sufferings of the unhappy Jews of Russia; and, even in the countries where anti-Semitism largely prevails, humanity has been shocked not merely at the barbarous details of the *pogroms*, but at the fact that people in authority should be capable of devising and organizing in cold blood outbreaks that, as they very well knew, would be marked by deeds of bloodcurdling cruelty committed on men, women, and children. The very word *pogrom*, together with the fact of its bodily transfer, in default of an equivalent, to the languages of all civilized peoples, will remain a perpetual monument to the shame of Russia and of the Orthodox Church. Our purpose, however, is not to enlarge on the horrors that have taken place in Kishineff, Kieff, Odessa, and a hundred other places, but to consider the Jewish question in so far as it affects the present

situation. And, unless we are mistaken, the results at which we arrive will be looked upon as conveying a most solemn warning against a course of conduct fraught, if persisted in, with even greater horrors to come. We will not attempt to analyze the mutual hatred of Russian and Hebrew, or seek to explain its existence. All that can be said on the subject has been said long ago, and repetition is wearisome. What we have to do is to deal with a series of concrete facts, and to draw from them conclusions.

Of a total population now estimated at 140,000,000 of people the Jews number over 6,000,000, concentrated almost exclusively in the western provinces and in Poland. Distributed over the whole vast empire, this small, though not inconsiderable, percentage of exceptionally able, industrious, thrifty, and physically healthy people would undoubtedly exert a highly beneficial influence on their fellow-subjects, and serve in many ways the best interests of the State. Packed together in what may be called a vaster Ghetto, refused the commonest rights of citizenship, humiliated at every turn, persecuted by the authorities, and subject to recurrent outbursts of popular fury, their existence is an anomaly, a misery to themselves, a menace to the country at large, and is recognized as such alike by friend and foe, by Tsar and people, by all parties and all classes. Jewish massacres are recorded in the earliest annals of Russia; they have been frequent of late, and are threatening still. Popular hatred of the Jews grows more, not less, intense. The autocratic Government, anxious, we may assume, to do what was just and right, but lacking in statesmanship, achieved little or nothing to ameliorate their condition or to lessen the animosity of which they are the object, and so relax in even the slightest degree the tension of the situation.

Now and again, it is true, some one of their many disabilities was modified or removed. At one time the Government favored a policy of fusion; at another, of increased isolation; now of attracting the Jews to agriculture; and, again, of confining them to the towns. But the trend of legislation, and still more of administrative measures, was overwhelmingly against them, and served but to intensify the unhappy conditions of their being, to the ever-increasing exasperation of the Jews themselves, as well as of the surrounding Russian population. Small blame to them, therefore, if they threw themselves heart and soul into the revolutionary movement; if, thanks to superior intelligence, to aptitude for intrigue, and other mental qualifications, they played in it no secondary rôle.

With the downfall of autocracy, to which they had largely contributed, the hopes of the Jews, as of other alien races throughout Russia, rose high. Now, surely, was the dawn of liberty, or, at least, of equal rights for all subjects of the empire; now, at last, might Jew and Gentile look to enjoy that freedom for which both had fought, and longed, and suffered! But not for that did they relax their efforts. They redoubled them rather; and therein lay their most grievous error—excusable, possibly, on the score of generosity, unpardonable as a policy. They may claim that it would have been mean to stand aside while their comrades still fought; but their position was quite peculiar, and they of all others should have accepted the manifesto of October 17 (30), and waited in patience its promised fulfillment. But, so far from adopting this prudent and reasonable course, they persisted in the wild attempt to force the hands of the Government; and to this day the Jews take an active, and seldom a subordinate, part in all the manifestations of revolution-

ary zeal and violence, thereby reviving, and to some extent justifying, the rabid hatred of the reactionary elements. Their friends, on the other hand, their allies, the "Intelligents," represented by the Kadet party, seek honestly to pay their services by putting the removal of Jewish disabilities in the forefront of their Bill of Rights; and the "Liberal" Ministry of M. Stoleepin, taking its stand on the Emperor's manifesto, and urged on by financial necessities, was seemingly ready to fall into line. But the mere rumor that the Jews were to receive the full benefits of citizenship roused such fury on the Right, which in this case knows it can rely absolutely on the mob and the mass, on the hooligan as well as the *moozheek*, that the Cabinet grew afraid; and, taking shelter behind the law it respects so little on occasion, reduced its proposals to the abrogation of certain "administrative" restrictions introduced in 1882 by Count Ignatieff, whose policy was to result as he himself boasted, in the emigration, conversion, and destruction, in equal portions, of all the Jews of Russia.

The campaign against the granting of equal rights to the Jews has been conducted with a virulence extraordinary even for Russia in this present time of trouble, when, as we have seen, the worst of passions rage unchecked throughout the land. The monstrous telegrams addressed to the Tsar by various branches of the reactionary leagues and organizations have been published in England, and need not be reproduced here. They are equalled, if not excelled, by the shameful diatribes with which the monarchical newspapers teem, the production of MM. Soovorin, Menshikoff, and others, who blame the Jews for all the ills of Russia, including the incapacity of Russian generals and consequent disasters of the war. So unmeasured is

the abuse, so wildly improbable many of the charges, that in any other country they would overshoot the mark and cover their authors with confusion and ridicule. Not so in Russia. There nothing is incredible to the ignorant masses, nothing too wicked to find open support in the ranks of their superiors; and, this being so, the Jews, whatever the provocation, act most unwisely in giving color by the part they play in the revolutionary movement to the accusations brought against them. It may now be too late to prevent renewed disorders, fresh pogroms. If the Jews maintain their present activity, if, ill-advised, they and their friends still urge their claims to equality of treatment with the Orthodox Russians, the world may witness, in the near future, massacres on a scale that will put all of the kind that have yet taken place in the shade.

If to all that has gone before we add that the many millions of aliens who, except in the direction of Siberia, hem Russia in on all sides are anti-Russian to a man, that most of them aspire to autonomy, a few to absolute independence; that separatist tendencies are openly manifested in Little Russia with its additional 22,500,000; we shall have said enough to enable the reader to form some idea of the present state of Russia and of the difficulties and dangers that confront her rulers. We would willingly flatter ourselves that the picture we have drawn is complete, well balanced, well defined. But the subject is too vast, the details are too varied and too numerous, the action too rapid and near at hand to allow of any such accomplishment within the limits set. More than one of the subjects that have engaged our attention could only be dealt with fully in whole volumes. Such is the agrarian problem; such are the many questions arising from the heterogeneous nature of the population, of which the Jewish

alone has been more than hinted at. But these have purposely been left to the last, because, though not without their bearing on the present situation, they concern chiefly the future of Russia, that theme of absorbing and universal interest to which we now come.

The autocratic system, then, is at an end. The Emperor, under pressure but not under compulsion, has renounced in all but the name his pretensions to absolute power. Russia, since October 17 (30), 1905, is, in theory, at least, a limited, or let us say not unlimited, monarchy. But beyond that nothing is settled, nothing is certain. The country is still in the throes of a revolutionary upheaval of which no one can tell the issue; and that issue concerns, more or less vitally, not only Russia, but Europe and the world at large.

At this moment we are on the eve of the elections, and if, in England, it is difficult in such cases to foretell, with any certainty, the results of party strife, in Russia, in the present instance, such prescience is impossible. An opinion we have already given; to go further would be foolish. But whatever the composition of this second Duma, it will not, any more than the first, be fully representative of the country. The Government has taken good care of that, both by its limitation of the suffrage and by its interference in the electoral campaign. Nor can any one know beforehand what will be its fate, though, should it prove strongly Radical, a shrewd guess may be made.

As to the less immediate future, and more particularly as to that dismemberment of the empire which we have recently been assured is not only inevitable, but imminent, we will, without assuming the prophet's mantle, venture to point out certain facts, suggest certain conclusions, and even, in regard to this or that detail, speak with conviction; and if these conclusions run

counter to others drawn from the same premises by certain well-known writers on Russia, whose opinions are entitled to every respect, they are none the less, we may hope, worthy of consideration.

It would be cruel to nail by the ears those whose prophetic utterances in regard to things Russian have been falsified by the event. The prophets of old were inspired from above; but now, when the gift is no longer vouchsafed, unless to Berlin, we must rely on the data that can by diligence be obtained. Unfortunately there is in most cases what may be called a "defiant margin" of missing knowledge, the more subtly misleading that its absence is often unnoticed, and it is this margin that only too frequently renders prediction vain. Immediate bankruptcy has been, and still is, the prediction of many. It was proved beyond cavil or dispute so long ago as 1885, by very eminent specialists—on paper—and at frequent intervals since. It is the central theme of the most recently published work on Russia. Yet the service of the loans is not in default; the gold currency is maintained; and the revenue returns for the year just ending exceed even M. Kokovtseff's sanguine expectations. It was proved to conviction more than once in the last quarter of a century—again on paper, of course—that millions must die of famine. They did not so die. In 1888 war between Russia and Germany was declared inevitable by every diplomatist and nearly every newspaper correspondent in St. Petersburg, and by many of the principal organs of the Press of Europe. They were not in the secret of Prince Bismarck's hedging treaty. In regard to the late war—its inception, conclusion, the carrying capacity of the Siberian railway, and so on—some of the very highest authorities were utterly wrong from beginning to end; while the fear of a revolutionary upheaval in Russia was

scouted by one who claimed special acquaintance with the country only a year or two before it actually took place. Finally, in the very recent work already referred to, we were informed that neither the Government nor the Dooma would venture to do away with the communal system.

All this we adduce not by way of reproach, but to emphasize the dangers of vaticination in regard to things Russian. The late Sir Robert Morier, soon after his arrival in St. Petersburg, on looking out of the Embassy windows one morning, saw something dark and round bobbing about amidst the ice-floes of the Neva. It proved to be the head of a seal, which presently clambered out and sat sunning itself on the ice until scared away by people passing. "There!" said the Ambassador, who had never dreamt that there were seals in St. Petersburg. "That is Russia all over! Everything is flat, dull, colorless, as the frozen surface of that river; but you never know what strange and monstrous thing will emerge at any moment and scatter your preconceived notions to the winds!" It is a trite saying that the unexpected happens; but it is eminently true of Russia.

The main feature in the problem we are now discussing is the ethnic variety of the Russian population. It is argued that only the absolute authority of the Tsars enabled Russia to keep in hand the subject races; and if this is true, the abrogation of that authority can only spell disintegration—the dismemberment of the empire. The autocracy once at an end, the principle of representation once granted, then local self-government, autonomy, tending, in some cases at least, to absolute independence, must follow; for the Poles first, as the strongest and most compact of the various nationalities, and, by logical necessity, for all the rest in turn. A democratic Dooma, what-

ever the form of Government, cannot deny to others what it claims for itself, cannot go back on the basal principle of its own being and power; for that would be to stultify itself. The conglomeration of races hitherto held together by the strong hand of autocracy must resolve itself into a federation of larger and smaller States, each with Home Rule, each with the fullest right of representation in the central Parliament, or break up altogether into separate, independent entities; and we are asked to contemplate the resulting state of things—a Dooma containing elements as varied and as numerous as could be got together from all the rest of Europe, as mutually hostile, and infinitely more ignorant. The analogy is misleading, were it only for the reason that, with the exception of Poland and Finland, the remaining nationalities have either no tradition of autonomy or independence behind them, or only in the more or less remote past. But we will not challenge the logic of the argument as a whole; it would be difficult, indeed, to do so. We cannot, however, but think that here, too, that “defiant margin” would in due time make itself felt. What we would call attention to is the ulterior consequence, of which, so far, little or nothing has been said.

Granted that the Russian Empire falls to pieces as a direct, inevitable result of the movement now in progress—what then? Of the 140,000,000 constituting the present population of the empire not more than about 55,000,000 are true Russians. These would be left to their own devices, and what would be the result? The map will tell us. This very considerable population, one in race, faith, language, and tradition, would find itself in occupation of a perfectly flat country, having not the semblance of a geographical boundary; but containing the sources

and upper waters only of all the great rivers of European Russia, with no command of their mouths, no access to the sea. It would be surrounded by numerous much smaller peoples, differing from it and from one another in all four particulars mentioned, and to a large extent mutually hostile. How long would this state of things last? How long would the 55,000,000 of Great Russians submit to such conditions? Is it thinkable that they would do so for a year, for a month, for a day? And if not, what chance would their weaker neighbors have against them? Poland alone contains the elements of a strong and independent State; no one can deny the possibility of Warsaw becoming once more the capital of a kingdom or a republic. But the Polish question is an international one, in regard to which Germany would have a weighty word to say. Little Russia might conceivably establish and maintain a separate existence; we can hardly think it likely. When we come to the remaining nationalities is it conceivable that such comparatively insignificant populations as the Lithuanians, the Letts, the Estonians, could hold their own against even diminished Russia, and bar her way to the Baltic? The case of Finland is different, for the Finns have proved themselves a progressive and a wise people, and they have a century of autonomy behind them. But even the Finns will need all their wisdom to maintain the position they have lately regained. They can never stand against Russia if it comes to a trial of strength. The Turko-Tartar races, numbering 13,500,000, would, we are told, claim autonomy with the rest, and again we find no fault with fact or argument. But could they, any more than the dwellers on the Baltic, maintain their position against the Muscovite? They ruled Russia for over two centuries, they harried and devastated

it for a much longer period. What are their descendants now? In the country, peaceful agriculturists; in the towns, coachmen, *dvorniks*, waiters, old-clothes men. Once the period of their domination passed, have they shown any aptitude for rule; have they ever displayed the smallest capacity for enlightenment, for progress? The answer is—None! Have they produced a single man of genius, of distinction, even, in literature, in science, in art; in the court or in the field; in peace or in war? Not one! They are excellent people—honest, industrious, peaceable, trustworthy; but they have had their day; they have demonstrated both what they can and what they cannot do; in short, they have found their level. They will never again rule Russia; they will never achieve independence; they will never maintain even autonomy, should they, in some convulsion of the Russian Empire, momentarily grasp it.

Napoleon's gibe is true enough in the figurative sense; but literally applied, as many who ought to know better do apply it, it is just one of those frequent generalizations, the more misleading for the modicum of truth they contain. That there is Tartar, or rather Touranian, blood in the Russian is undoubtedly true. The absorption of the Finnic tribes, to which reference has already been made, is an incontrovertible fact, and in other directions the same process went on for centuries. The Cossacks, again, were essentially raiders, and remained such in the Caucasus almost into our own times. They made no scruple to take unto themselves native wives wherever and whenever they could, and there runs in their veins not only Tartar blood but that of the Caucasian mountaineers—Tcherkess, Tchetchen, Koumuk, and others. But only those quite blinded by prejudice can fail to see that, with all their faults, and however

backward they may be, the Russians are distinctly Aryans; so that, paradoxical as it may sound, the admitted infiltration of alien blood only bears witness to the strength and persistency of the original type. Any axiomatic proposition must be capable of demonstration conversely. "Scratch the Russian and find the Tartar" if you can. Slaver the Tartar as much as you like, you will never find the Russian.

And what of the Caucasus, that Babylonian tower, with the mass of heterogeneous peoples seething at its base? Unity, independence, autonomy, for 7,000,000 of human beings differing in language, race, and religion; from the cultivated Armenian and Georgian down to Khevsoors, Deedos, and other wild mountain tribes, at a lower level of civilization now than in their own Bronze Age, a thousand years before Christ! Christian, Mussulman, Hebrew, Pagan, speaking a variety of tongues, such as is not to be found on any other equal space of ground on the surface of the globe, from the Arabic used in medrisseh and mosque down to the unwritten marvels of fantastic speech echoed in the remoter mountain fastnesses, whose infinite complexity reminds one that grammar at its highest is the possession of those who have none. The Armenians, with their secret societies, dream of independence; the Georgians of autonomy, the Tartars and tribesmen, doubtless, of recovered license. But each hates his neighbors. Remove the Russian yoke, let any one race set up for itself, and all the rest will fly at its throat. To any one who knows the country and its inhabitants, independence, autonomy, in any shape, and above all unity, are impossible, unthinkable. Even the Mussulman majority could not, cannot unite. Shamil for thirty years strove with sword in one hand—his terrible left—and Koran in the other to weld them into the sem-

blance of a nation; for thirty years he ruled Daghestan and Tchetchnia with a rod of iron; for thirty years he defied the might of Russia, and Shamil failed, Shamil fell, not because Russia was strong, but because neither love of country nor zeal for religion, though both were wrought to the highest pitch, could keep such heterogeneous elements together.

The granite and gneiss of the central chain dominate in turn the limestones, the chalks, and the tertiary formations. What was lowest is highest. We may almost as soon look for a reversion to the original stratification of the Caucasus as to the establishment of any such agreement amongst the peoples who dwell there as would render independence, autonomy, possible. Russian rule or chaos are the only alternatives.

It is charged against the Russians that they are a listless, apathetic race, whence it is inferred that they will bow their heads meekly to the strokes of fate; but here, again, we have to deal with a half-truth only. Just as the individual *moozheek* is by turns good-natured and the reverse, so the Russians as a nation are apathetic in general, wildly energetic on occasion. They have just suffered one of the most cruel reverses that ever befell a great and proud people, and it is the fashion to decry them. But their history bears plainly on the face of it the characteristics of a conquering, dominant race; and the story of the Cossack advance, south and east, is a marvel of successful colonization, and puts the Russians in this respect on a higher level than any but Anglo-Saxons. It is not, perhaps, very remarkable that the Swedes were conquered on land; but they were beaten, too, at sea—and by Peter's infant navy. The Poles have been shamefully treated by all their neighbors, and Russia in relation to Poland appears in the rôle of

big bully, to the indignation of Western Europe. It is forgotten that the Poles, like the Tartars, had it all their own way once, and but for their own folly and failings should have permanently secured the hegemony of the Slav race. They drove the Ukraine Cossacks from them by favoring Jewish exactions and Jesuit intrigues. The governing class oppressed the people, yet ruined the country by its own dissensions. The Poles, in short, have yet to prove their capacity for self-government, their superiority in this respect to the Russians; and the fact is emphasized, not weakened, by the admission that they are a cleverer and more cultured people. What is their attitude now? All classes, of course, aspire to national independence; but when was unity known in Poland? Before 1900 Nationalistic views were in the ascendant; Poland was to work out her own salvation. But differences then began to make themselves felt, and after "Bloody Sunday" (January 1905) it was agreed, though far from unanimously, to work in unison with the Russian Revolutionists on the understanding that their triumph would bring about the freeing of Poland more quickly than any independent action. Lately there has been a strong revolution, due, no doubt, to the partial failure of violent means in Russia, and the "Polish Socialistic party" has reaffirmed the former policy, and cut itself loose from the revolutionary movement in Russia. This party, however, by no means carries with it the whole of the Polish proletariat, and its change of front and determination to boycott the new Dooma has already led to scenes of violence and even to much bloodshed, particularly at Lodz.

Of the Tartars we have already spoken, and any one who knows the history of the campaigns in Transcaucasia will admit that not even the English in India showed greater energy,

greater valor, more heroic disregard of numerical odds than the Russians under such men as Yermóloff, Madátóff, Kariághin, Kotliarévsky, Paskiévitch, Mouravioff, and a host of others, against the Persians and the Turks. But the war of 1812, after all, is in itself the best refutation of the charge of racial apathy, and those who can believe that the Great Russians would ever accept the position that must of necessity result from the dismemberment of the empire can have read the story of the Napoleonic invasion but to little purpose. Prince Bismarck was no bad judge of men and nations, and Prince Bismarck feared not only Russia but the Russians.

It follows that if the empire of the Tsars is indeed about to fall asunder, which we take leave to doubt, there will be no peace in Eastern Europe un-

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til the Russians have once more dominated the majority of the peoples they now rule. If, on the other hand, the dismemberment so confidently predicted as imminent is averted, we can, unhappily, see no reason to anticipate a speedy return to internal tranquillity. "Long foretold, long last," is the sailor's warning, and the storm now raging took ages to brew. The change from autocracy to Constitutional Government, the abolition of the communal system, the necessity for a readjustment of the relations between the dominant race and the other varied ethnic elements of the vast population are but some of the factors in a situation that cannot be solved *ambulando*. Lookers-on are ever eager to see the end of the game, and their wishes are apt to father their thoughts. But history will hold the present troubles not so very lasting if a generation sees their end.

AMELIA AND THE DOCTOR.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GALLANT BUT UNSUCCESSFUL EFFORTS OF MR. STILES.

Just about the time that Dr. Charlton, according to his promise, came again to see Miss Carey, Mr. Stiles returned to the village in a very shattered condition of mind and body. He was covered with mud, which he had collected in the course of several heavy falls, and with scratches which he had suffered in encounters with the briars and thorns. To one or two would-be sympathizers whom he met on his way, and who inquired after his condition and its cause, he replied with a shortness that was more in accord with the dignity of his official status than with his appearance for the time being, that he was "very tired and very 'ungry, and wished he was 'ome." In the bit-

terness of his heart he vouchsafed no more explanation, and it was only after fortifying himself with breakfast and a brush and wash up, that he had the courage to appear again at Miss Carey's house to report his doings.

It was evident from the report that he had done all that the most zealous police constable could be expected to do. He had done more, according to his own showing, than ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have done; but if Mr. Stiles was thus one out of a hundred, the burglar, as it appeared, must have been one out of ten thousand. He had been scarcely human, and in the opinion of Mr. Stiles he was a trained runner and athlete. For four or five fields, after he had got over the roadside fence, Mr. Stiles had kept him in view—in later accounts the four or five fields

expanded themselves into four or five miles—but the man was as fleet of foot as a deer, and cleared the fences at a bound, without touching a twig.

"At a bound?" the doctor repeated incredulously.

"Like a heagle," Mr. Stiles replied emphatically.

"Could you see what the man was like?"

"'E was a powerful figure of a man, as I should say, sir," said Mr. Stiles, "though in course I could not see his face. But whatever 'e was, sir, I felt that strength in me, owing to me being that vexed about poor Miss Carey's loss, that I should a-held the villain if I 'ad once laid 'ands on 'im, if 'e'd been Samson 'imself, I would."

"I have no doubt of it," said the doctor.

Mr. Stiles, being neither an eagle nor a deer, naturally lost sight of the man after a while, and when last seen he was just entering a great tract of straggling woodland and succession of covers and plantations that stretched away nearly to the moor. Two police constables, and several amateur assistants whom they had enlisted, were still out after the man, but it was evidently Mr. Stiles' opinion that where he had fallen it was not at all likely that any other would succeed.

I do not think that there has ever been before, or ever will be again, a day of so much excitement in Barton village as this day when one after another was saying, "Have you heard about the burglary at Miss Carey's?" and the tale was told and retold until there was nobody left at all that had not heard it. Poor Miss Carey herself was quite besieged by callers, most of them making a pretext to inquire how she found herself after so terrible a night; but in reality I think that their chief wish was to hear from herself what had happened. Dr. Charlton had no doubt guessed what was likely

to occur, for he had ordered Miss Carey to remain in bed, whither she had retired soon after daybreak, had given her a sedative draught, and forbidden her seeing any visitors. But if the callers were balked in their hopes of a gossip with Miss Carey herself, Phoebe was more than ready to do what she could to satisfy them, and the number of times that she recounted on that day the experiences of the night before, or of the early morning, must have been very many.

Perhaps it is hardly necessary to say that the policemen did not succeed in catching the burglar. The search for him in the big woodlands must have been like the proverbial search for the needle in the bundle of hay. They did find a perfectly harmless tramp, and arraigned him before a magistrate for examination, but he was both old and rheumatic, and had, besides, such a very bad foot, from the prick of a thorn which had broken off and festered in it, that it was manifestly impossible for him to perform the gymnastic feats so graphically described by Mr. Stiles.

Poor Miss Carey was a great deal shaken by the events of the night, and it was some days before she was quite herself again. She would never say much about the value of the things that had been stolen. It was part of her code that money and the cost of things should be mentioned as little as possible. But people who had not any means of knowing were quite ready to make estimates, and the general opinion was that her loss amounted to something between two and three hundred pounds, and was probably nearer the latter sum than the former. What was really far more distressing than the money value of the loss, was that these things had been Miss Carey's lifelong treasures, endeared to her by long association with those that she had loved and lost. She was very

good about it all, and hardly ever allowed herself to say a word of regret, but whenever she did speak of it, she always referred to the Indian-worked gold bangle that had been on the poor girl's wrist when she died as one of the things that it went most to her heart to have had taken from her.

CHAPTER XX.

LORD RIVERSLADE SAYS HORRIBLE THINGS.

I think that any one who has followed the story so far must have realized that all the doings of any of us in Barton were very quickly and completely known to all the rest. Probably Barton is not at all peculiar in this, for no doubt it is the same in all little country places of its kind. There was one person, however, of whom it would perhaps not be right to speak as belonging to Barton (the more correct mode, it may be, would be to say that Barton belonged to him)—Lord Riverslade—who was an entire exception to this rule. His whole position, of course, was quite exceptional. When we spoke of Barton people we meant the villagers, the Vicar and the doctor, and the few people living in the better houses in its immediate neighborhood. The county people were quite apart, and Lord Riverslade was not only one of the county people, but perhaps the most important of them all. At the same time his position as lord of the manor, and actual proprietor of the greater part of the village, naturally brought him into a peculiarly close relation with it.

When Miss Sophy was at the Castle we heard a good deal of what went on there, but during the greater part of each year she was away in London or in Paris, and at such times the Castle life went on behind blank walls, so far as we were concerned, except for an annual garden party, at which divers

sorts and conditions were gathered in a communion that was singularly uncongenial to all who shared in it. And if the whole life of the Castle was thus shut off from us by a blank wall, the owner of the Castle himself was more inscrutable still on account of the equally dense wall of reserve—a second line of fortifications, as it were—with which it pleased him to surround himself. His outward person and demeanor were, of course, perfectly familiar to us. His dress always appeared the perfection of quiet taste. We never saw him in the rough shooting clothes that men generally wear in the country, and the colors that he affected were either of a hue so sombre that they looked almost black or of a delicate gray. He wore his beard, which was become nearly white, trimmed most neatly to a point. His complexion was pale, but so clear and healthful that a young girl might have envied it. The shape of his face was a fine oval, and an aquiline nose, with the skin seeming to be drawn so tightly over the bridge as to appear in a state of constant tension, added to his singularly aristocratic and courtly aspect. It was supposed that he was peculiarly proud of the smallness of his hands and feet, and certainly he was most particular and careful in the matter of his gloves and boots. No one could remember seeing him without gloves in the open air, and when he took them off, within doors, the delicacy and whiteness of his hands, the fine taper fingers and beautifully kept nails, seemed to justify him in all his precautions. His whole appearance had an air of studied perfection, and his manner, cold but scrupulously courteous, was in absolute accord with it. Dr. Chariton, who knew him far better than most of us, affirmed that he was entirely lacking in a sense of humor, and though it never was said of him, even after his son's loss, as it

was of the poor King Henry, that he was never seen to smile again, still there was no one who could say that they had ever heard him laugh. He could smile, although in rather a distant manner, as if he felt that even this measure of unbending from his usual impassivity was hardly consistent with the dignified repose which he cultivated, but so vulgar a sound as laughter it was almost impossible, it seemed almost wrong, to imagine that he could utter. Dr. Charlton had a particular and unconcealed dislike for him, and in answer to a stranger who had asked what Lord Riverslade was like, he is said to have replied tersely, and rather profanely, as we thought—

"He—he's a piece of polished ungodliness."

On the whole it was not altogether surprising, though it was very vexatious, that we never succeeded in discovering by what means Lord Riverslade came to know of the frequent meetings of his heir and nephew, Jack Rivers, with Miss Vera, his unacknowledged grandchild. Whether some evil-minded little bird carried the news, or whether Lord Riverslade himself observed the young people and certain tender passages between them, or whether the base and hackneyed device of the unsigned letter was employed by some maker of mischief we never knew, but on the very day following that on which Miss Vera had bravely told her lover that by the force of circumstances it was necessary they should part, Lord Riverslade sent for his nephew into his study and treated the young soldier to some of his most cruel and refined observations. For such account of the interview as reached us eventually we were indebted to Mr. Jack Rivers himself—Lord Riverslade never, as far as was known, spoke of it to a soul—and therefore we heard one side of it only. It has to be confessed that his lordship had some

grounds for deeming himself rather hardly used by fate and by the family of Fraser, seeing that his only son had ruined his life, and probably had found his death, by running away with the mother, and that his nephew, who had become his heir, was now threatening, as it appeared, to disgrace the family further by a dalliance with the daughter of this unhappy and unauthorized union. The case was hard.

Precisely what words Lord Riverslade used we never did know, but in a general way we heard, either at first hand from Mr. Jack or from Miss Sophy at secondhand, who had it from Mr. Jack himself in much more detail than he told it to any one else in Barton, that he had said "horrible things"; and it was well to be believed that this statement was not exaggerated. That he said them in the most courteous manner possible was also to be believed, and did not seem to make them less "horrible." What Mr. Jack said to him in answer was even less exactly known, for if there was one thing that was clear at all about the interview it was that the young man lost his temper completely, and when a young man has lost his temper he does not remember all the things that he says, and perhaps it is quite as well that some of them should be forgotten. Of course this put him more than ever at his uncle's mercy. On one point, however, it seemed that he did contrive to turn the tables, for when Lord Riverslade remarked that the girl naturally would think that she was doing a good thing for herself, she being what she was and he the heir to a barony and broad acres, then he was able to tell his uncle that as soon as ever the girl discovered that she had no proper claim to the name she bore, she refused absolutely to consider the idea of letting him marry her in the future or continue her lover in the present. It was part of the code by which Lord

Riverslade regulated his life that he should show no surprise, but it appeared that he really was taken more than a little aback by this intelligence. He affected to disbelieve it, although the candor of Mr. Jack Rivers's nature was so apparent that no one seeing him even for the first moment could question the truth of anything that he should say; and being forced at last to accept even so surprising a statement as this as a true one, Lord Riverslade then affected to receive it as evidence of the *rusé* character of his unfortunate grandchild. It was difficult for him, no doubt, to believe good of any one, and it was in speaking of him that Dr. Charlton had first enunciated one of his favorite maxims, that the lowest opinions of human nature are generally the result of introspection. Perhaps it was introspection that prevented Lord Riverslade from believing that Miss Vera could have been genuine when she forbade Mr. Jack Rivers to make love to her as soon as she understood her position in society.

I think it was this refusal on the part of his uncle to believe anything but what was ill of the innocent young girl he loved, that drove Mr. Rivers to say things that he certainly had better not have said. The conclusion of the matter was that he left the Castle abruptly on the following morning, and the months passed into years before we saw him again in Barton.

It was not till long afterwards that we heard all about poor Vera's troubles at this time, but a few weeks later a sorrow which was known to all of us, and in which we all could give her our fullest sympathy, came to overcloud her young life still more heavily. This was the death of Colonel Fraser, her grandfather. The intelligence that he was dead came to us as a shock, but it could hardly be said that it came as a surprise. The old soldier had looked for many months as if he

was failing, and the doctor's report on the state of his heart had suggested the possibility that at any moment death might overtake him. It was death in the most peaceful and beautiful manner that can be imagined. His servant, coming in the evening to pull down the blinds and light the lamp, found him leaning back in his armchair quite dead. His face had a most happy expression, freed from the anxious lines that had been so distressing during the later months of his life. His Bible lay open on the table before him, and he had evidently been reading it when death came to him. Dr. Charlton, who was summoned immediately, said that he had probably been dead about an hour by the time that he arrived. It appeared as if the Colonel himself had had a presentiment that he might die at short notice, although he never alluded to his health or called in the doctor's services; for all his affairs were found in perfect order, his will was signed, leaving all the very little that he had to leave, after his imprudent speculations, to his grandchild, and a lawyer in Y— was appointed as his sole executor.

Miss Vera bore her great loss with a wonderful fortitude, considering how young she was, but we felt that she had had so much experience of sorrow and trouble in her short life that she was really far older than her years, although her life since she came to Barton had of course been a very quiet one. It seemed grievous to think of her left alone, or only with servants, in that silent house with the Colonel's body awaiting burial, and on the very day of his death Miss Carey proposed to Vera that she should come and stay with her until things were settled; but she could not induce Vera to consent. She thanked Miss Carey very much, but said that it would be dreadful to leave him (meaning the dead body) alone; she would much rather stay. Of

course Miss Carey could not press her to come against her wish, but after the simple funeral, when the old soldier's body had been laid in Barton churchyard, Vera consented then, with gratitude, to come to Miss Carey. At first, for a week or two, she came as a guest, but when the simple money matters had been settled it was arranged that she should stay on with Miss Carey permanently, contributing some very small sum to the weekly books by way of payment of her board; and we all were very glad to hear that things

had been settled in this way. It seemed in every respect the best possible arrangement, both for Miss Carey and for Vera, who otherwise would have been left very much to herself on the world, and very poorly off financially; for her grandfather at the Castle showed no disposition to offer her a home, though we observed with approval that he had attended the Colonel's funeral, and had sent a wreath from the Castle green-houses to place on his old friend's coffin.

Horace G. Hutchinson.

(To be continued.)

AN OLD PARSON'S DAY-BOOK.*

Horsted Keynes, the name of whose junction is familiar to those who travel by the Newhaven express, is a charming, well-wooded parish in the centre of the Weald of Sussex. The place itself lies at some little distance from the station, perched astride of one of the high wooded ridges that sweep south from the bare moorland of Ashdown Forest. The whole of the countryside looks as if it had been ploughed by a gigantic plough. Ridge after ridge lie roughly parallel, the ground falling steeply, by sequestered woods and copse-ends, to streams that run swiftly, hidden among hazels and alders. These beautiful valleys, where the sunlight seems caught and held captive on still summer afternoons, are a paradise of wildflowers and birds. They are intersected by many field-paths, winding among pastures and woods, where one can walk for hours without meeting a wayfarer. There are two ancient and beautiful manor-houses in the parish. One of these is Broadhurst, the fragment of a larger house, belonging to the Brands of Glynde. This stately building, with

its great chimney-stacks, lies remote among low woods, rising over barns and byres, with a chain of old fish-ponds, where the water murmurs through sluices, among the grass-grown terraces of its ancient garden, and straggling clumps of immemorial yew-trees. Tremans, belonging to the Danehurst estate, lies to the south of the village, with an avenue of old Scotch firs, and an enormous yew hedge shielding it from the road—an almost incredibly picturesque house, with a Georgian front of red brick, many weather-tiled gables and shapely chimneys, crowned with a pretty cupola. The village itself is more modern, but contains some beautiful old stone-tiled Sussex houses. The church is an interesting cruciform building, with a slender spire, but it has unfortunately lost the old chantry of the Lightmaker family, to whom Broadhurst belonged, where the remains of the great Archbishop Leighton repose, who, after his deprivation, lived long in the secluded manor-house. Hard by the church is the Rectory, with its pretty glebe and lake; and here is preserved the curious document

*The particulars here given are mostly taken from Vol. I. of the "Sussex Archaeolog-

ical Collections" [1853], in which the greater part of the Day-book was printed.

of which we would more particularly speak. It is a long, stout, parchment-bound ledger, in which an old Rector of Horsted Keynes kept, with remarkable fidelity, an account of his expenses, the books and groceries he bought, the offerings he received, the journeys he took. There can be but few volumes in England which give so minute an account of the life of a country parson in the seventeenth century. The book well deserves to be printed entire, for the sake of students of economic history, and as a very full record of the current prices of the time. It is absolutely perfect and legible. The rector must have been a man of wonderful precision, anxious to know to a penny how he stood. Moreover, the book is an interesting commentary on the conditions of social life then prevailing.

The Rev. Giles (or Ægidius) Moore was rector of the parish from 1656 to 1680. He says that he had formerly been taken prisoner by Essex's Horse, so that he had either been a soldier, or perhaps a chaplain in the royal army. He was obviously a convinced Royalist, though, like the Vicar of Bray, he subordinated his principles to his livelihood. He was certainly a man of peace, as we see him in his day-book, a considerable student, and interested in agricultural operations. He was admitted, as he says, on February 1, 1656, by the "Commissioners for the approbation of Publique Preachers, sitting at Whitehall." These were the so-called "Triers" appointed, under an Order in Council, by the Protector, in 1653, to supply the vacant livings into which, as the preamble of the Act runs, "many weak, scandalous, Popish, and ill-affected persons had intruded themselves." This Commission is parodied in a curious tract given in Nicholl's *Calvinism and Arminianism Compared*, in which, under the presidency of Dr. *Absolute*, the names,

among others, of Mr. *Fry-Babe*, Mr. *Damman*, Mr. *Narrow Grace*, Dr. *Dubious*, Mr. *Know Little*, and Mr. *Impertinent* are set down.

"The parsonage," says Mr. Moore, "was left to mee in so ruinous a state that it cost me £240 before I could make it fit to dwell in. Should I leave a widow behind mee, let him, whoever my successor may bee, deal alike kindly by her as I have done by Mistresse Pell, and shee will have no complainte for the present, nor will hee himselve bee a loser for the future." He goes on to say that he paid Mrs. Pell, the widow of the late incumbent, all the tithes up to Lady Day, 1656.

He begins the book in a moralizing mood, with some very bad Latin verses, adding: "Wee reckon up our expenses, but not our sins; wee account what wee expend, but not wee offend." And having made this concession to religious feeling, he plunges into what was evidently a more congenial task than reflections upon his corrupt heart and fallen nature.

He engaged a maid for £3 a year, and a gardener for £5, and he paid his day-laborers, to get the garden straight, a shilling a day. He adds: "I gave my wife 15 shillings to lay out at St. James faire at Lindfield, all which shee spent except 2s. 6d., which she never returned mee." He made his house comfortable, paying as much as £2 10s. for "a fine large coverlett with birds and bucks." He went to London to shop, and bought cloth for a suit, adding a "Levittical girdle" of silk, and two "worsted canonical girdles." His new hat and band cost him £1 4s.

He records that in the same year an assessment was made to raise £60,000 "by the moneth, for the use of his Highnesse the Protector." He paid his share, which was 10s., out of the £33 charged on the parish, and then explodes in some treasonous Latin verses:

Hoc regimen fore longævum vix credere possum,
Justus enim Deus est, qui non permittit iniquos
Illa tenere diu quæ vi quæ fraude parabant.

Donec ad id redeat caput unde corona fugata est.

But he soon forgot his troubles in buying scarlet serge, out of which he made a library cupboard carpet, and a waistcoat as well. He paid, too, "for barbouring for six moneths," 7s. 6d., and for being blooded, "though I was so cold that I bled but one ounce, 1s." The money that it galled him most to record was the money that he lent—"Lent to my brother (i.e., brother-in-law) Duxford, at the Widdow Newport, never more to be seene, 1s." And he says with regret: "I gave away 4 doz. of the Assembly's shortest Catechisms to the youth of Horsted Keynes; they cost mee 3s. 4d." He had no taste for such doctrine as they contained. But he was evidently a charitable man, as he often seems to have paid a nurse for looking after his poor invalids; and he gave as much as 3s. to a general collection for the distressed Protestants of Bohemia and Poland in 1659.

He records how he bought a new "portmantle," with a "locke-key," and a "male pillion," adding ruefully: "This portmantle and all that belonged to it I lent to my cousin Lewen, which he never returned, *contra fidem datam*."

He records that at the "three several sacraments, at Esther" in 1659, the whole number of communicants was not above 156 persons, including strangers. It appears that he had expected a larger number; but instead of quickening his missionary zeal, this disappointment seems to have had the contrary effect, for the next entry is a statement that he ceased to reside at the rectory, and went to board with his son-in-law Brett, at Walstead, in the

neighboring parish of Lindfield. On the following Palm Sunday he left his church unserved, to go and hear a funeral sermon at Ardingly, but he seems to have salved his conscience by stating that he both preached and gave the sacrament at Ardingly. He consented, too, to receive from one of his farmers a payment of tithe "from absolute necessity, though it were Sunday."

There is no allusion to the Restoration, but on the coronation of Charles II. he paid some fiddlers 6d. Then came the establishment of the militia, whereupon the rector expanded in military ardor, bought "a muskett and rest for £1 2s. 6d., a sword for 9s. 6d., bandalours and belt, and a coat trimmed with lace and ribbon." He also bought powder in considerable quantities, and gave it to the village "to shoot out." But as a proof of the universal license that prevailed, we find him paying two men for arresting a drunken sergeant and taking him to gaol, and some money in compensation to one of the two men, for injuries received from being kicked and beaten by the soldiers for arresting the sergeant.

Among a few of the curious prices which may be quoted, a pound of sugar cost him 1s.; a rabbit, 9d.; newspapers (i.e., a newspaper) for half a year, 3s.; a pair of worsted stockings, 5s. 4d.; a silver spoon, 9s.; a goose, 1s. 9d.; a hindquarter of mutton, 3s. 4d.; a lamb, 7s. 6d.; a silver sugar-dish, 17s. 6d.; a roll of sealing-wax, 3d.; a Prayer-book, 2s. 2d.; a walking-cane, 4s. 6d.; a pair of gloves, 2s. 3d.; a minister's gown, £4 12s. 6d.; a load of hay, so big as to need eight oxen and two horses to draw it, 20s.; an ounce of tobacco, 6d.; a twenty-pound Cheshire cheese, 6s. 10d.; a dozen lemons, 2s.; eleven pounds of beef, 2s. 2d.; a pullet, 1s. 2d.; a dinner which he gave to four persons, 7s.; red silk shoestrings, 3s.; a

cow eight years old, £2 12s.; a leaden milk-pan, 10s.

In 1661 the rector's health began to give trouble. He went to London to see a doctor, and paid for "a peck of scurvy grasse," an item which now begins to recur. He consoled himself by buying at the same time a large parcel of books, such as Quarles's "Divine Fancies and Emblems" and a folio of funeral sermons.

He records with regret the death of the squire of Broadhurst, Mr. Lightmaker, and adds that he was carried in a coach to London to be buried. Shortly after, the rector had to attend in London to be properly inducted, and puts down ruefully an account of the fees he had to pay to the bishop's officers and servants: Capellario, 5s.; secretario, £1 17s.; camerario, 5s.; domesticis, 5s.; sigillo, 6s. 8d.; cerario, 3s. 4d.

Some legal business with regard to the patron of the living took him again to London. "I payed to Mr. Kempe, whom I take to bee the best and honestest of all those who belong to the Court of the Exchequer, who liveth at Salisbury Court, and is to be found at the Exchequer in the forenoone and at Hatton Garden in Holborne in the afternoone, 2s. 6d. for a subpoena." His military ardor seems to have been short-lived, for he began to pay a deputy for going out soldiering in his arms. And then followed a repentance for having gone to law, so that probably Mr. Kempe had turned out to be more expensive than was contemplated. "All this cost me £7 0s. 10d., which was foolishly cast away upon lawyers, having been misled sillily by Mr. Orgle. Hee who goes to law, when hee can possibly avoid it, is an absolute foole, and one that loveth to be fleeced. I ever got by losing, and lost by striving to get."

A little later he had to repair his chancel, and speaks bitterly of Mistress Sapphira Lightmaker, who

"would not keep up her chancel," this being no doubt the family chantry. Mrs. Lightmaker was the sister of Archbishop Leighton, and the rector complains that "shee stripped a good part of my church to lay her leads," which no doubt accounts for the demolition of the chantry. Mrs. Lightmaker seems to have not acted with the piety that might have been expected of the archbishop's sister, though the inscription on her tomb records that "she was a devout woman and a mother in Israel, a widow indeed, and, notwithstanding solicitations to a second marriage, lived so forty-four years." She died in 1704.

In the same year the rector summarily arrested a man and kept him all night at the empty parsonage, to which he had not yet returned, adding with chagrin that the prisoner afterwards escaped by the connivance of the bailiffs, though the prudent rector gleefully adds that he left them unpaid. And as a set-off against this, he makes a note that on the following day he gave to the three collections made at the several sacraments "three several sixpences."

On April 1, 1685, he records that he bought a "shaggy demicastor hat of the fashion" for 16s. 6d. Demicastor hats, which were a mixture of felt and beaver wool, had been expressly forbidden, as a species of adulterated product, by a proclamation of the time of Charles I., but had been reintroduced.

He made a good bargain about this time, giving his brother £10 and his own bay gelding in exchange for a mare, about which transaction he triumphantly records that he had purchased the gelding for £10 sixteen years before, and that "shee was now old and foundered in the forefeet."

It is curious to note in passing that, among all the agricultural produce mentioned in the book, no mention is

ever made of the potato, which had been introduced into England sixty years. But it seems that potatoes were never planted in the neighborhood of Horsted Keynes till 1765, when a few were brought from Ireland by Lord Sheffield, whose house of Sheffield Park is close by. No one knew how to plant them at first, and for many years they were kept in the ground all the winter, covered with fern, and taken up as they were wanted. It is remarkable that there existed a strong prejudice against the root in the country, and that at an election at Lewes, about the same time that they were first introduced, there was an election cry, "No Popery, no potatoes!"

In the year 1686, the rector revised his wardrobe, bought a cassock of hair prunella, a satin cap plaited, and a pair of olive-colored boots. Then he returned to his parsonage in October, complaining that he had been "hackneyed out of it" for over six years, during which time he had "lived a deade kind of life." He adds:

Me miserum!

Invitum quem sub tecto sors dira tenebat,

In quo nec pietas, ordo nec ullus erat.

In the following February he had an ague, which he cured by syrup of roses; and in March he writes: "I gave Richard Wood for two dozen of mouses, which hee had caught on a holiday and which hee begged of me, 2s. 6d." In June he writes complacently that his "poll money" came to £4 2s., and that it was the greatest payment of any minister in Sussex. But the truth is that the rector was more honest than his neighbors. The tax was largely evaded. Samuel Pepys has an entry in his diary about the same tax. Pepys was assessed at £40 17s., and he says that it was a shame it was not more. Indeed, Pepys had gone to the vestry-meeting

on the subject, intending to return all his irregular profits; but "seeing," he adds, "nobody of our noblest merchants to do it, I thought it not decent for me to do it."

In the following year, on February 4, the rector veils an entry in the decent obscurity of Latin, to the effect that at ten o'clock in the evening, when he had begun to read his family prayers, he was so much overcome by the effects of some perry which he had drunk, not knowing how strong it was, that he was compelled to stop in the middle. "O God," he adds, "lay not this sin to my charge!"

In April he rode to London to put his "little mayd" to school, and went to buy her some new clothes. He was tempted by some purple serge to have a new "nightgowne" made for himself, with silver clasps and silk lining, and laments over the cost.

In the August of the same year he paid a visit to his brother at West Cowes, but was detained there by the long and painful illness of his brother, which is detailed at full length. It is difficult to see what the illness can have been; but at the crisis of it, the sufferer escaped in a fit of delirium from his room, and jumped into a well with ten feet of water. He was rescued, and then, so far as one can see, he was deliberately bled to death by the surgeons, and made a very virtuous end. No word of grief escapes the rector, but he seems to have been disappointed that he received nothing under his brother's will, who was a man of substance.

He thought later on in the year that he was overtaxed, and went to state his case before the magistrates at Marsefield. He does not say if he obtained relief, but adds: "I was too high in my carriage and language."

There is a curious entry about this time. "I gave the howling boys 6d.," which refers to an old custom that the

boys of the parish should go round the orchards at the end of the year, and tap the tree-trunks, singing an old rhyme.

At Christmas he sent one of his parishioners "a worthy turkey," but soon after he enters a solemn protest that his churchwardens, together with an alehouse-keeper and a smith, set up, without his consent, a big pew in the church next to the rectory pew. There does not seem to have been any machinery for getting the pew removed, and the rector contents himself with a protest, on the ground that if another such pew were to be erected opposite, "there would be no coming up for the ministers or the people to the table."

At the succeeding Christmas he sent the parishioner to whom he had given the worthy turkey in the previous year "a ribsparm and hoggs puddings," and seems to have been dissatisfied with the present he received in return—"a boxe of pills and sermons."

In 1677 he seems to have been on uncomfortable terms again with some of his parishioners. "18th July; Mr. Payne came together with Ned Cripps to pay his tythe; hee layed down 20s. on the table, which he told, and I tooke up for the tythe of 1674-75; at which time hee sayd I was a knavish priest, and having gone out of the hall door as far as the yard gate, he sayd agalne that I was a knavish priest, and that hee could prove mee to be so, Edward Cripps being all the while in the hall, and Mary Holden in the kitchen, who distinctly heard him."

A little later he says that he paid a man 2d. for a letter, "for carrying news books, 2s. 6d."—probably delivering a gazette—adding, "and 6d. more gratis to stop his mouth." At this date letters were delivered according to mileage, 2d. being the charge for a letter of one sheet below eighty miles. The whole revenue of the Post Office was then some £43,000 a year.

There are many purchases of books recorded, as the rector grew older. The entries of the last year, 1680, are melancholy enough. He went up to town, where he saw the Archbishop, as well as the King and Queen. But his visit was to consult a surgeon "about the turning of my neck." He paid much for medicines and blisters, and he was evidently suffering greatly. But the last entry but one shows that he was still occupied in monetary transactions. "Sep. 16. For a pig which I sent to Mr. Hely, I gave my daughter 1s. 6d., which pig was so carryed by Morley that it smelt, which he falsly sayd smelt upon receipt."

On August 3 he bought a cephalic plaster and a julep, and a sleeping-draught. But his illness was gaining upon him, and the above is the last entry. He was buried on October 3 of the same year, according to the register.

It is a curious and interesting thing to be able to look so close into the life of this simple, guileless, fussy, money-loving man. It is strange to feel that one knows so much about him, what he ate, and drank, and wore, the books he read, his tours and little adventures, and yet to feel that, after all, one knows so little. He seems to have been ashamed, at intervals, of caring so much about the things of this world, and yet the temptation to record them was all too strong. The people among whom he lived just appear at intervals, like ghosts, among his entries. And while we know to a penny what his income and tastes were, we can form no conception of his thoughts or emotions. It seems an undignified sort of life, and though clerical incomes nowadays are sadly inadequate, yet the clergy are spared the constant bargaining and huckstering about small payments, to which so much of the rector's life was devoted. But

the book is essentially a human document, and to turn the faded pages, with their precise entries and naïve confessions, makes one smile indeed,

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but it is with a smile that is not wholly of amusement—*mentem mortalis tangunt!*

Arthur C. Benson.

THE BAD LUCK OF KAPTAN HOLAR.

The Norwegian steamer *Ole Bull*, carrying seven hundred tons of coal and sundry stores from Leith to her company's *hvalstation* on the northeast coast of Iceland, was jogging past the Faroe Islands at her average speed of nine knots. It was eleven o'clock on an evening towards the end of June, and had the weather been clear the sun would have still been visible in the north. A wet fog blanketed the Faroes, some six miles to port; only the strange peaks of Fugloe and Svinoe loomed dimly above the vapor-bank. On the sea, however, the fog was thinning, and the captain of the *Ole Bull* sighted the little whaler in time to avoid the necessity of an abrupt change of course. He spoke to the man at the wheel, and telegraphed an order to the engine-room.

The engines were slowed, stopped, and reversed a couple of turns, and the *Ole Bull* came to rest within hailing distance of the whaler-steamer *Gisli*, which was wallowing idly in the heavy oily swell. The captains—one on his high, narrow bridge, the other in his little, square steering-box—bawled cheerfully across the water. They were old friends from Tonsberg, but their courses seldom met or crossed during the whaling season.

"It is a lucky meeting, Bjarni," the captain of the *Ole Bull* shouted, after he had asked concerning the *Gisli's* recent hunting and got an unsatisfactory reply. "I bring you luck. I am glad I met you. It is not ten minutes since we sighted a cachalot."

The young captain of the *Gisli* fairly

jumped. "Cachalot!" he yelled. Then, "You are sure?"

"Do I not know a cachalot when I see him? His head—his rising—his spout? And he was going slow—very slow—south. And he was the biggest —"

But the young captain was already giving orders to his crew and calling down the tube to his engineer. He waved his hand to his friend, bawled his thanks, promised a merry meeting at Tonsberg in October, and turned to his business. For the cachalot is a rare visitor to these waters, and is worth several large rorquals—the "finner" whales on which the Norwegians make much war and some profit; and young Kaptan Andersen had never yet had the fortune to encounter such a prize.

So the *Ole Bull* resumed her journey north, and the *Gisli* went dancing south, her thin black funnel belching smoke, her eighty-five feet of deck quivering. Kaptan Andersen sang softly as he inspected the gun in the bow, ready charged and loaded with the big bomb-pointed harpoon. His was good luck indeed! Good luck to have met the *Ole Bull*; good luck that the cachalot should appear at a time of year when there was no dark night. A little more good luck, and the prize would be his; for the weather was clearing quickly; the man in the crow's-nest had the eyes of a hawk; the sea, though swelling, was smooth; and he did not doubt his own skill with the gun. Good luck indeed! He repeated the words aloud.

"It is bad luck, kaptan," said the voice of his first-mate behind him. The man, who had just come on deck from his bunk, spoke sadly and respectfully.

Kaptan Andersen wheeled round.

"What is bad luck?" he asked sharply. Then he laughed pleasantly. "You have broken your coffee-mug again, Holar; that is the trouble."

Holar shook his head. He was a big man, looking much older than his years, and melancholy of countenance; often he seemed to be brooding over some tremendous disappointment.

"I have broken nothing, kaptan," he said slowly. "Neither have I been dreaming dreams. But I tell you it is bad luck to get news of a cachalot from Kaptan Bjornsen of the *Ole Bull*."

"So you have heard about the cachalot. Well, Holar, I say to you that any news of a cachalot, when we have been a week without even a *sej-hval*, is good luck; and when we have killed our cachalot you will also—"

"Kaptan," said the other solemnly, "you will not hunt this cachalot?"

Andersen stared at his mate. "What foolish talk is this, Holar, about bad luck and Kaptan Bjornsen?" he demanded impatiently. He was sorry for the older man, to whom he had allowed considerable latitude of speech in the past; but this was going too far. "What kind of talk is this from you to me?"

The mate's gloomy gray eyes looked straight into the captain's angry blue ones.

"It is for your sake, kaptan, that I speak what you call foolishness," said Holar quietly. "Will you listen, kaptan?"

"What is it?" Andersen rapped out. His eyes were now turned to the sea ahead.

"You have heard," began the mate in a low voice, "that I also was once a kaptan of a whaler?"

"I have heard, Holar," said Andersen more gently. "You had bad luck when you were hunting from Finmarken. Was it not so?"

"It was bad luck," continued the mate—"bad luck such as has never happened to a Norsk whaler since old Svend Foyn showed us how to take the great *blaa-hval* with the bomb-harpoon from the little steamer. My steamer, the *Uif*, was sunk by a whale that I had struck and made fast."

"I know it, Holar."

"Every one in Norge knows it, for such a thing never happened before or since. But every one does not know that the whale—the last whale I hunted, I who have killed hundreds—the whale was a cachalot."

"Ah!" said Andersen, "I had not heard that."

"It was twelve years ago."

"So you think it is unlucky to strike a cachalot, Holar," said the captain, suppressing a smile. "A goodly number of cachalots have been safely taken since then, and nearly all from the small boats."

"The ill-luck is not in the cachalot, but in the way the cachalot is found. Listen, kaptan. Twelve years ago I was cruising for *blaa-hval* and *fin-hval* and *Nordkappers*, and getting few of any. And on a night such as this a steamer going to Tronsø came a little out of her course to tell me about a cachalot—a big bull—that was not four miles away. The steamer was the *Helga*."

"Not the *Ole Bull*," said Andersen, turning to him with a light laugh.

"No; but the *Helga's* kaptan was Kaptan Bjornsen, now of the *Ole Bull*."

The captain of the *Gisli* uttered an exclamation. "That is queer, Holar," he admitted presently; "but it means nothing."

"Nothing but bad luck," said the mate stolidly.

"For me?" asked Andersen with a short laugh.

"For you, kaptan. There is no luck for me now—neither bad nor good," Holar muttered sadly. "But I would not that you should ever be as I. It is not good to be second after one has been first. It is not good to see another fire the gun. It is hell. And so I beg you, kaptan—you who have forgiven me much and been patient—to let this cursed—"

"*Heal! Heal!*" came the alarm from the man in the crow's nest.

Kaptan Andersen gave a shout of satisfaction. The whale, however, had risen far away, and the chase, in the meantime, would be directed from the masthead.

"Let him go, kaptan; let him go!" the mate pleaded. "Do not risk everything."

Once more Andersen laughed. It is doubtless the very cachalot that sank the *Ulf*, my good Holar," he said jestingly.

"It is no other," said the mate in a hoarse whisper.

Somehow Andersen did not laugh this time. He was afraid of no whale in the sea, but he was troubled about his mate. Was the latter getting a little mad?

"It is surely a strange happening," he said after a pause. "But how do you know it is the same cachalot? It is likely that your cachalot died in the Arctic."

"I shot him badly—too near the tail. He got a coil of the cable round his flukes, and the cable went snap as if it had been wool. Then he went mad and came for the *Ulf*. *Nef*, kaptan, he lives yet; and there is now a devil in him that entered with my harpoon. Let him go, kaptan; let him swim away to the south, to his—"

"How can you tell he is the same?" Andersen interrupted irritably. "How would you know—"

"On the crown of his great head there is a large, whitish blotch. It is like the map of Island [Iceland] on the chart, the shape of it."

"Good!" said Andersen. "I will look for it when the time comes," he added firmly.

"And you will find it, kaptan," returned the other in a dull voice. He perceived that nothing he could say would move the young man from his purpose, and he turned away, for it was time to relieve the man at the wheel.

"Stay!" the captain called, his voice gentle again.

Holar halted.

"See here, my good Holar," said the captain. "Suppose that yonder cachalot is really your old enemy. What then? Has not the day come for your revenge? Think of that, and cheer up!"

"My revenge! What have I to do with it?" asked the mate moodily.

Andersen flushed with anger, and turned again to the gun. It was not his fault that Holar was serving in a secondary position. It had always been a trial, his shipboard relation with a mate old enough to be his father. He had borne with the old man for three seasons, but he was coming to the end of his patience. Holar, with his grievance that insinuated itself into half of his conversation, was becoming unbearable.

And now Kaptan Andersen thought he saw through the old man and his cry of "bad luck." The old man had pretended that his anxiety was all for his skipper and his skipper's reputation. So! And what would the old man do if he were suddenly put in the skipper's place? Would he let the cachalot go? Andersen muttered a curse or two, reviling himself for his previous indulgence to his mate. And an ugly question leapt up in his mind: could he even trust Holar in the steer-

ing-box when the *Gisli* and the cachalot came to close quarters?

He looked behind him, but the mate had gone aft. A couple of sailors were standing at their posts beside the winches carrying the cables, to one of which was attached the harpoon. But he did not send a sailor for the mate, as he thought of first doing. The *Gisli* was still far from the cachalot; she was taking a curved course that would eventually, if the lookout's calculations were correct, bring her close and at right angles to the whale's line of progress and somewhat in advance of the whale, there to await his approach. There was, therefore, no immediate need for the gun.

Kaptan Andersen went aft. In the steering-box he found the second-mate, who informed him that Holar had gone below, promising to return to take charge in a few minutes. At this Andersen's resentment was not lessened. The old man had taken one liberty too many. What could he be doing below at such a time?

The young man went into the tiny deck-house and quietly descended the narrow stair. At the last step he halted and peeped into the cabin.

The mate was sitting on his locker, crouching over the table, his face bowed on his arms.

"Holar," said Andersen sternly, "are you asleep? It is time for you to take the wheel."

With a start the mate rose, squeezed past the captain without look or word, and climbed the stair.

Andersen entered the cabin, feeling uneasy. A crumpled, closely and badly written letter was lying on the locker. He picked it up, and ere he knew what he was doing these words were ringing in his mind: "You must not give up hope, dear husband. Would not the young kaptan who is so kind speak for you to the company?"

Andersen dropped the letter and sat down on the locker. His wrath died; pity rose again. He began to understand something of what the ex-captain must have suffered during his twelve years' mateship; something of what the old woman at home must have endured as year after year went past without restoring her husband to the position that had seemed so grand to them both. And twelve years without firing a harpoon! Perhaps that appealed to the young gunner more than did anything else in the tragedy. Twelve years' blank on the top of, perhaps, twenty years' full existence, for Holar had been a famous gunner in his day.

Andersen felt sick of himself. He had pitied the old man, but had he ever really done ought to help him? Was he not a nephew of the largest shareholder in the company? Yet he had never spoken a word on Holar's behalf—he, "the young kaptan who was so kind!"

The second-mate summoned him, and he hurried on deck.

"Take the wheel, and send Holar to me," he said briefly, and went forward to the gun. The unsuspecting cachalot, after a long submersion, was coming leisurely towards the *Gisli*, and would most probably cross her bows.

The captain signalled with his hand for "dead slow."

Presently Holar stood beside him. The old man was trembling.

"You mean to strike him, kaptan?" he whispered.

Andersen nodded. "How could I go back to the station and tell them I had let a cachalot go from under my gun? Are you afraid, Holar?"

"For you, kaptan. You will lose your ship."

Andersen bit off an oath. The old man's croaking was maddening.

The whale came nearer, and sud-

denly Holar whispered, "Look! See!—the whitish blotch on his head!"

"Ah!" The young man drew a long breath. He laid his right hand on the stock of the gun, and signalled with his left for a turn ahead. The supreme moment was nigh. Already he saw the *Gisli*, with all her flags and bunting flying, arriving at the Faroe *hvalstation* with the cachalot in tow; already he heard the managing director's praise and the congratulations of brother-captains.

The mate sighed, the sigh of a man growing old without hope.

Kaptan Andersen stepped from the gun-platform. "Holar," he said rapidly, "I give you charge. Take the gun—and your revenge. I go to take the wheel. Good luck!"

Holar went white as death.

"Are you afraid?" asked the captain.

"Afraid! But I think of you. What will they say at the station?"

"Oh, I have a little accident to my right hand," replied Andersen. "But now I have given you your orders. Quick, Holar! Look out!"

Like a boy, Holar sprang to the gun. His face was still ghastly, but his limbs had become steady.

"Holar takes charge," said Andersen to the wondering sailors, and ran aft to the steering-box, there to await the instructions of his mate.

But Holar seemed mate no longer. With the polished stock of the short swivel-cannon on his palm, he was captain in everything but name. The twelve dreary years were blotted out in the joy and exultation of the moment. He signalled his orders without hesitation; he swung his weapon on its bearings with friendly familiarity.

The cachalot appeared to be half-asleep, so lazily did he forge through the water, his head with its peculiar marking showing from time to time.

Suddenly the creature seemed as if

he suspected danger. He moved forward with a rush. But ere he could sound, Holar's finger had pressed the trigger. It was a long shot, but the old man's skill had not departed, and the hundredweight harpoon buried its four feet length in the great greasy flank. Almost with the crash of the cannon the awful tail whirled aloft, and amid the roaring and foaming of waters the cachalot plunged for the depths.

To the tune of whirring and clanking wheels the yellow hempen cable flashed from the winch and over the bow. Ninety fathoms poured into the sea ere Holar gave orders to check the wheels with the massive wooden brakes—lightly at first, then heavily—until at last the cable ceased to flow, and the *Gisli*, her screw at rest, glided through the water. Between the wind and the bow the cable stretched, taut as a fiddle-string, a foot above the deck. Holar stood with one foot resting on it while he searched the sea ahead.

In seven minutes, perhaps, the cachalot rose. He had gone down with but half-filled lungs, and ere he broke the surface the carbonic gases burst from his blow-hole and carried a watery spout high in the air. Again he blew tremendously and sucked in fresh air, rolling from side to side, lashing out with his tail. The cable slackened ever so little under Holar's foot; but he felt the change, and immediately the donkey-engine went to work. Not for long, however. The cachalot set off once more, towing the *Gisli* at the rate of six knots an hour, and swimming at or near the surface.

In the steering-box Kaptan Andersen felt anxious. It was plain to him that the bomb on the harpoon had failed to explode. A long struggle was therefore likely, and it looked as if lancing would be necessary before the end could be reached. He glanced at the

two small boats belonging to the *Gisli*, and shrank from the thought of risking his inexperienced men in them alongside an infuriated whale. It was a rare experience indeed to use the lance in rorqual-hunting—so rare that little or no provision was made for such an emergency. Andersen remembered that, a year before, three men belonging to an Iceland station had left the whaler to lance a wounded *blaa-hval* and had not returned. It almost seemed as if the "bad luck" had come after all, and he could only hope that by some happy chance the bomb might yet explode, or that Holar, who was already reloading the gun, might somehow get a second shot home.

Two hours had passed, but the cachalot, though slower in his movements, was far from being exhausted. Several times, too, he had just missed getting a kink of cable round his tail, which would have ended matters so far as the company was concerned.

Forwards and backwards ran the wheels, as the cable was let out or hauled in, and once the *Gisli* was sent "full astern" to overcome a sudden slackening.

Holar's eyes had become feverishly alert, but the color had not returned to his face. The crisis had yet to come. He knew it. He dared not leave his post for a moment, otherwise he would have run aft to whisper a single sentence to the captain: "Kaptan, it is for you more than for myself."

Of a sudden the cachalot sounded. "Steady!" muttered Holar to the men at the winch, who were ready to let out more cable. "Hold on!"

He pressed his foot on the cable—once—twice—thrice.

"Full ahead! Hard astarboard!" he yelled.

Beneath his foot the cable became elastic, then easy to bend.

The deck quivered as the *Gisli* shot forward in a curve, the cable trailing from her port bow as though *she* were a stricken monster running away with the line.

A groan burst from Kaptan Andersen's throat. Had Holar gone mad? He opened his mouth to shout, when the second-mate at his side screeched and pointed astern.

There, from the shattered sea, burst the monstrous head; and, as the men gaped, the cachalot heaved his frightful bulk half out of the water and across the still bubbling track of the *Gisli*.

Down he went again, raising a tempest of spray and leaving a whirlpool of foam. And Holar laughed aloud, for he saw that the spray and foam were ruddy, and he knew he had beaten his enemy at the game of twelve years ago.

"Stop! Full astern!" he bawled. A minute later the cable was once more safely ahead of the bow.

"Stop!" The cable went rigid.

"Half-speed ahead!"

At the same time the donkey-engine was set to reel in the cable at a moderate pace.

Fifty fathoms away the cachalot came to the surface in a fury, and blew fountains of blood skywards. The bomb had done its work after all.

The *Gisli* crept nearer, and Holar was again at the gun.

The cachalot lashed out madly with his tail. Once he raised it as if to sound, but it fell with a futile thunder-clap on the crimson water. He lay still.

The *Gisli* crept nearer. Holar pointed the gun. He wanted to make sure.

Suddenly a convulsion seized the enormous bulk. It rolled over, exposing the gaping jaws, the shallow

pointed under jaw with its row of great teeth, the cavernous upper jaw with its empty sockets. Then a shudder like an earthquake passed over it; then quietness. A flipper fluttered the surface feebly for a few seconds, and was still.

Holar took his hand from the gun. It was not required. On his side, almost completely submerged, the cachalot lay dead.

"It is enough," murmured Holar, and sat down on the gun-platform, shaking painfully.

"Is he killed?" asked a young sailor, who had never seen a cachalot before. "He still floats." The young sailor was used to rorquals, and they sink immediately after death.

Holar did not appear to hear, and the young sailor, with a curious look, left him.

Kaptan Andersen came along and laid his hand on his mate's shoulder. Youth is humble once in a while.

"You were right, Holar," he said. "I should have lost my ship."

Thirty-six hours later the cachalot lay on the flensing-slip of one of the Feroe *hvalstations*. Men were laboring on the carcass with keen curved knives, attached to six-foot handles, and sharp spades. Standing in two inches of thick yellow grease and inhaling an odor beyond description, Holar the mate waited impatiently while a couple of men delved deep into the carcass at a spot which he had indicated.

"Have you not found it yet?" he asked.

"Not yet. Ah, here are the barbs!" cried one of the men. "I must get an axe. It is jammed in the ribs."

Holar clambered on to the carcass and peeped into the cavity. He laughed softly, almost boyishly.

The man returned with the axe, and fell to work on the obstruction. Pres-

ently he and his fellow hauled forth a harpoon seemingly formed out of rust. They wiped it roughly with some waste.

Holar's eyes glistened. He gave each man a silver coin, and carried his prize towards the little pier against which lay the *Gisli* and another whaler that had just brought in a fine *blaa-hval*. On his way he met the manager of the station coming from the *Gisli*.

The manager laughed very pleasantly. It was cheerful to have a cachalot and a sixty-barrel "blue" on the slip yonder. "What is that you carry, Holar?"

Holar laughed also. "You did not believe me this morning when I said I had met the same cachalot long ago."

"Ah, well, Holar, you know I hear so many wonderful stories from my whalers. And I have heard of marks on whales before too."

The mate rested the barbs of the weapon on the ground and took out his knife. He carefully scraped the rust from the edge of the slotted shaft near its butt.

"Of course you know all the whaling companies' marks?" he said quietly at last. "And you know the mark of the company owning the *Ulf*, which I—I lost twelve years ago?"

The manager nodded and made a sympathetic remark.

"Then, please, look at this," said the mate.

The manager inspected the metal. "Ah, so! It is the mark of your old Finmarken company. It is wonderful!" he said. "Come with me to the house, Holar, and drink a glass of wine with me, so that I may swallow my unbelieving words of the morning."

They went to the house together. The manager was truly in an extraordinarily gracious humor.

"You have heard that our company is building a new whaler for next sea-

son," he remarked as he poured out the wine. "It is perhaps a little early to drink to her success, but we will do so, and also to the health of her kaptan."

"Kaptan Andersen," murmured the Chambers's Journal.

mate, raising his glass. "He deserves it. The new steamer and Kaptan Andersen. *Skaal!*"

"No, Kaptan Holar," said the manager, holding out his hand.

J. J. Bell.

THE COMING HAGUE CONFERENCE.

For the second time delegates of the civilized Powers are about to meet at the Hague to discuss means of alleviating the horrors of war, and of averting its outbreak among themselves. The Russian Government is now engaged, by the agency of a distinguished jurist, in ascertaining the views of the European Governments as to the programme; and it is possible that the agenda may include the proposal for the arrest of armaments which has received the official support of the British Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, and the approval of the House of Commons. It would be ungracious, perhaps even unpatriotic, to depreciate the cause supported by the advocacy of our Government and of the eminent members or ex-members of foreign legislatures and Ministers who met last July in the precincts of the Palace of Westminster; but it would be unwise to entertain strong hopes of its immediate success. The difficulties in the way of limiting the numbers of foreign armies, forcibly stated by the German delegate to the first Conference in 1899, are no less operative in 1907. The numbers in each state have to be considered in relation to the provision for national education, the period of service with the colors, the military organization, the railway system, the number of fortified places, and, we may add, the rate of expansion of the population, and the geographical and political conditions. The same arguments, with slight modi-

fications, must apply to naval strength. Disarmament is likely to remain an ideal, and even the more practical proposal of arrest of armaments, which Sir Edward Grey in his speech in the House last May virtually pledged the British Government to initiate at the Hague if possible, is likely to meet with grave obstacles from foreign Powers. All nations, with the possible exception of the United States, have strong reasons for supporting it in the growing difficulties of their finance. But Germany can bring forward new reasons against it in the expansion of her population and her commerce; and France can hardly support it unreservedly, in view of the dangers set up by the Morocco question in 1905. Even were a limit fixed so as to keep the armaments of the various nations at their present relative strengths, it would only intensify the ingenuity of the military parties in rival nations in acquiring increased strength for the same expenditure, in ways which would not be barred by the resolutions of the first Conference limiting the use of suffocating explosives, expanding bullets, and bombs dropped from balloons or those "analogous means of aerial navigation" which we now call aeroplanes. An absolute limitation, indeed, seems to be prevented by the fact that the ingenuity, and, therefore, the cost, of warlike appliances, like those even of such pacific processes as national education, continually tends to increase. In

making the laws of war more humane, the Conference has an admirable field for its action, though the proposed limitation of contraband to arms and munitions of war would tell far too much in favor of Great Britain to be accepted without question by Continental Anglophobes, and the same may perhaps be said of the proposed limitation of capture of private property at sea, and of the bombardment of towns. Such rules may, in any case, break down among the stresses and surprises of warfare, and there can be no effective security for their observance, nor even for the excellent unofficial proposals that all Powers shall spend a sum equivalent to one-tenth per cent. of their war expenditure in promoting peace and goodwill among the nations, and bind themselves, in accordance with the eighth article of the Hague Convention of 1899, to refer even the gravest disputes to mediation or arbitration. The general financial and commercial boycott that has been suggested as a means of enforcing this provision is obviously impossible—first, because merchants and financiers in different countries will continue to deal with each other irrespective of the wishes of their Governments, and next, because the possibility of such a boycott would mean for us the adoption of a general tariff, and the investing of the Executive with wide powers of regulating trade. The Conference will, in any case, do admirable work for humanity, but we can hardly hope until Europe becomes much more democratic that the arrest of armaments will be effected by anything except the necessities of finance.

Still, we may note with satisfaction that the state of the world is far more favorable to such a Conference than it has been for nearly sixty years. In Europe or its neighborhood there are only two areas of disturbance likely to affect the relations of the Powers,

Morocco and Macedonia. In Morocco the presence of French and Spanish warships has constrained the Sultan to deliver the country from Raisuli, at least for a time; and, though the interior is, as usual, not far from anarchy, the police which is to protect the coast towns and the foreign residents is now being organized with funds advanced by France and Spain, pending the constitution of the new State Bank. That will remove the chief risk of other interference. Macedonia is, unfortunately, as disturbed and as miserable as ever, but it is not at present likely to embroil Europe. There are, no doubt, grave dangers in sight, such as the complications which may arise on the Sultan's death, and the activity of Pan-Islamite agencies in Egypt and Tripoli, with or without unofficial encouragement from Europe. But the Continental Powers are all fully occupied at home. Germany is probably at the beginning of a struggle for real popular government. France, though not at present embarrassed by her conflict with the Vatican, has to face grave social and financial problems. Austria is on the threshold of a new departure in the constitution of her legislature, and probably of the reconstruction of the relations of the races which make up the Dual Monarchy. Italy is eminently pacific towards Austria-Hungary and France alike. Spain is at the beginning of serious difficulties both among her politicians and with her Church, which, moreover, are giving a considerable stimulus both to Republican and to Socialist energies. The Russian Government may be, as some observers think, tending downwards towards a great cataclysm; but the indications at present point towards a long and confused struggle between the bureaucracy and a multitude of more or less conflicting parties, complicated by the behavior of

the peasantry, a factor utterly incalculable. Three of the Balkan States are contemplating peaceful co-operation, and Greece and Crete are not likely to compel the attention of the Powers for some considerable time. The North of Europe is in profound peace. Sweden and Norway, having dissolved their ill-assorted union, are now excellent friends, and Denmark has just settled her difficulty with Germany about the Danish population of Schleswig, which has existed and set up irritation ever since the war of 1864. The neutrality of Holland may very possibly be discussed at the Hague Conference. Belgium is well on the way to adopt the solution of the Congo difficulty commended by Sir Edward Grey in his reply to an important deputation some two months ago. Her Parliament is likely to accept the Congo State as a colony, and so to avert an intervention which might easily have led to very grave complications in Europe. Japan seems likely to settle satisfactorily her recent difficulties with Russia, and the new reign in Persia gives no cause for apprehension. Finally, even the South American States are likely to come to a general understanding with one another for the maintenance of permanent peace, and even should it fail, the Monroe doctrine continues to shield their differences from the intervention of any European Power.

Statesmen must consider what may
The Economist.

lie beyond the horizon, and Continental statesmen make more pretension to far-sightedness than is customary in England. Continental nations, too, with their efforts after colonial empire, their expanding and conflicting ambitions, and their strong military parties, have special difficulties in accepting an arrest of armaments which would leave Great Britain in possession of a "two-power standard" of naval strength, or possibly more. They are unable, too, to believe that her armaments are purely defensive; and hitherto, in most countries, "drum and trumpet histories" have trained youth to look for its ideals in military success. A notable and even extravagant reaction against this view is now in progress—not only in international socialism, but among the non-socialist middle-class. It is significant that in France, where fifty years ago military glory was worshipped, the "newspaper plebscite" recently taken by an organ of the smaller *bourgeoisie* to select the ten greatest Frenchmen of the nineteenth century brought out Napoleon I. only fourth in the list, and that the only other military celebrities who received appreciable support were defenders of the territory in the Franco-German war. But the effective arrest of armaments will probably have to wait until such views displace the theory advocated in certain other countries—that "history progresses through tears and blood."

"NOSCITUR A SOCIIS."

If this were quite true, it would be a great deal easier than it is to read character aright. The wisdom of the ages concentrates itself into unqualified assertion, but the wisdom of the hour must take account of exceptions. Association cannot always be explained by choice. If we judge our

friends by *their* friends, we shall make some very great mistakes. Friends-in-law, as a recent writer has wittily called them, must always be a puzzle, but they should not be also a source of injustice. After all, we all associate on fairly intimate terms with some persons whom, if to-morrow we were

to begin life over again, we should avoid. But facts are for ever, and it will always be true of us that we were brought up next door to So-and-so, or we did him a good turn and he cannot forget it, or he did us a good turn and we feel we ought to remember it, or we were together in circumstances in which we forgot everything but our common humanity. The fates have thrown us together, and we know we shall never be quite free of one another. But our alliance has very little bearing upon our characters. Quite apart, however, from upbringing, indebtedness, and common sorrows, dangers, and reliefs, we do see our friends in ordinary life making friends with the most astonishing people. How can they like them, we wonder, and, above all, how can they like both them and us? These people are so stupid, we think, or so frivolous, or so unprincipled, or such prigs. Yet we know very well that our friends are none of these things, and we chafe as we see the outside world confounding them with their company.

The facts may be accounted for in various ways. The reason a man lives among birds of a different feather from himself may be to his credit or not. To take the latter reason first, self-interest has a great deal to do with the matter, perhaps more than it ever had. Every one nowadays can take what view he likes upon every question, human and divine. It is not necessary any longer to conform, but it is more necessary than ever to please. Tolerance is becoming an active virtue, and moral tolerance is now as necessary as controversial tolerance. Men or women who are really set upon social success, who want intensely to be "in the swim," will avoid coming, even in their own minds, to definite moral conclusions about people. An attitude of disapproval is an attitude which does not pay, and what a man

has once allowed himself definitely to express in his own mind he is always liable to find himself saying or assuming. He must not impatiently declare, even to himself, that So-and-so is too great a bore to be put up with, or that So-and-so else is too great a scoundrel. Money is power, and he must not break through the circle of its attraction. He avoids judging his associates, out of charity to himself. But it may be said: Surely you have answered your own argument. If a man makes friends with a view to his own interest, he is in a very true sense known by his friends; he is simply a self-seeker. We do not think this sweeping condemnation can be justified. For one thing, very few people are "simply" anything. Such a man may be an exemplary son, father, husband, brother, employer, or employé; such a woman may be an admirable wife, daughter, and mother, who has never in her life betrayed a confidence or failed in a domestic duty. For the sake of advantage they choose to live in an atmosphere which does not suit them—on a metaphorical West Coast of Africa—and in doing so they take a very big moral risk. All the same, to judge them by their company, or even by their intimates, is to judge them wrong. It is, moreover, fair to say that those who pursue an absolutely opposite course never escape the lash of the superficial moralist. Did any one ever know a man who decided to have to do only with those with whom he was in sympathy who did not have some very hard names thrown at him? At best he renders himself liable to be called a fastidious and prejudiced person,—that is what is likely to be said of him if he is a just, genial, and discriminating man. If he is a man of only moderate parts, he may expect to be called an inhospitable snob, a selfish, unsocial recluse, or one indifferent to the prospects of

his family and the pleasure of his neighbors.

Putting self-interest completely out of court, however, it is not uncommon to see odd people who desire no mental companionship. They are the hermits of the intellectual world. They live on affectionate terms with a large circle of acquaintance who do not understand them in the least. Their true intimates are their books, and if they confide, it is upon paper. These men and women are often very original and humorous. Among those who think upon the same lines as they do they would feel like fish out of water. They have an essential shyness, and dare not face new manners or different ways of living. They may be found among what Matthew Arnold called the strongholds of the barbarians, or in the commonplace dwellings of the most Philistine section of the middle class. Wherever they may be, they are satisfied with and amused by their surroundings. We may know all their friends intimately and not know *them* at all.

Again, there is still a good deal to be said for the old theory of the attraction of opposites. There are certain large-minded people who are capable of great affection for, and much real intimacy with, persons of opposite mental calibre. They do not as a rule live among them, but as individuals they like them very much, sometimes apparently better than those among whom they live. We are not, of course, speaking of the marriages which are made upon these lines, and we mean differences which go deeper than differences of opinion. If one must have a rule-of-thumb, it is far better to judge a man by his friends than by his opinions. A vast number of people are born with conclusions already formed, and if they are tenacious characters, they keep them all their lives. Experience, if treated in a selective spirit, will confirm any of

the commonly held views of life. It is converts who are hot and intolerant. The opinions prepared for us by our parents and grandparents, while they color the character, do not breed controversy. But one does see surprising friendships between persons of different tastes and habits of mind. Perhaps some instinct moves them to correct their mental balance, and they find recreation in each other's point of view. Such friendships chiefly exist between men. Friendships among women presuppose tastes and interests in common, for they are much more eager for sympathy than men are. Friendship cannot, of course, exist without some degree of intimacy; but intimacy may very well exist without friendship. This fact has a great bearing upon the whole discussion, for it is impossible for the outside world to judge between the two. It seems sometimes as if certain intimacies were the outcome of irritation, and represent the direct result of friction. Good-hearted, hot-tempered people are particularly liable to fall into this unfortunate relationship. They each repent what seems to them their own unwarrantable disagreeableness. It calls, they think, for some form of reparation, and at last they may find themselves becoming intimate with some one solely because they are truly sorry that they dislike him so unreasonably much.

The words "friendship" and "acquaintance" overlap, and their meanings merge in one another. It is impossible to draw in ordinary talk a nice distinction between them. But using the word in its strictest sense, an intimate acquaintance with a man's nearest friend may not help us to form a correct estimate of his character. He may be better or worse, abler or weaker, than we could have supposed.

As in love, so in real friendship there is much mutual attraction which is

completely unaccountable. It seems to belong to some unexplored region in the mind of man the thoughts of which have not yet been reduced to words. Perhaps in this twilight region the spirits of his ancestors still hold sway. Perhaps it is they who welcome the friend to whom other

The Spectator.

friends would have barred the door. It is the existence of this tract of undiscovered country in every mind which more often than anything else disproves a common proverb, and makes it impossible to assert of a given man that he may be known either by his friends or his associates.

THE SPARROW'S PROGRESS.

Winter is often claimed as an admirable time for observation of birds. They show up with distinctness, they grow tame with the cold and approach our dwellings; if the number of species is fewer than in summer, our native birds atone by superior boldness, and they are, after all, more worth our admiration than most of the migrants. Those who have enjoyed this feature of winter, when, as the blind and foolish say, the country is dull and ugly, will have found their pleasure steadily dwindling during recent years. The cause lies not in themselves, or in any falling of zest, but in the degeneration of the birds. I write with a picture of a garden lying in the midst of a favorite bird haunt, fixed in my mind. In the tracery of the trees are shown up uncomely lumps that look like clods thrown up at random. These are the nests of sparrows, who have lately taken to this unnatural choice of locality for no other reason than want of room elsewhere. For this garden is dominated by sparrows. They roost so thick along a hedge in it that at evening it looks like a tree in heavy fruit. In a holly-bush they are packed tightly enough, and so low down as to attract rats. For crumbs thrown from the window they will compete even with a dog, just as in some suburbs they seem to have lost all proper fear of the cat. I knew a

woman who spread out on a suburban lawn a quarter of a loaf daily "for the poor dear birds." Every day the old woman's cat hid behind the laurel, and every day caught its poor dear bird feeding on the crumbs. In a state of Nature the cat would have had to find new fields after the second attempt.

Much has been written of the destructiveness of the sparrow, of the huge toll that he levies on the farmer, and the need of his extermination on behalf of agriculture. All these accusations are true. Mr. Tegetmeier has accumulated proof long since until no more is needed. The sheer cost of sparrows to the country amounts to thousands of pounds. But there is another accusation, equally severe on the sparrow, which has not been brought into court. Thanks to the abundance of food which his boldness enables him to find and to the protection of his numbers, he has surrendered his instincts without, so to speak, advancing in reason. This building in trees gregariously is one example. Here and there they have been found, in the manner of our civilized man, building in flats; two or three families housed more or less above each other in an amorphous stack of straw and feathers. Confession of the same loss of instinct is advertised in the appalling untidiness of these nests pitchforked into the low boughs of a maple, or loaded on the lofty platform of the

spruce boughs. They scarcely build nests, but rather pile stools into which they burrow holes. Yet now and again some relic of suspicion that tidiness is demanded appears in their actions. One nest on a London ledge last year was conspicuous for a long straw sticking out from the side. It was apparently unheeded till one day, when the nest was completed, the cock bird became, so it appeared, suddenly ashamed of the workmanship. The straw "stuck in his gizzard," and he determined to have away with it. For some time he tugged in vain, till at last with a final splendid effort he pulled half the nest over the ledge. This straw may be taken to show which way the wind blows with the domestic sparrow. All difficulties have been so tempered to him by the support of men and their dwellings and their crumbs, that he has no need to struggle for existence, and for want of that happy incentive is on the way to degeneration. It would not be surprising if one year some disease broke out among them, as it has often broken out among rabbits when they have been over-crowded; but hitherto he has flourished progressively. I always fancy that sparrows are bigger now than they used to be, just as the pigeons in the park, large and overfed, have developed into what, if we could reckon by weight, and to some extent by color, might be called a new species. More than any bird sparrows disregard the seasons, though here the pigeon gives a parallel case. I watched sparrows building with great vigor during the last week of November, and I think it is likely that they will develop the habit of roosting in the old nests during the winter, in the way of the jenny wren, which will congregate in packs of six or eight in old nests. I know one instance where several of them were killed by the fall of a swallow's nest, into which

too great a burden had crushed, on a cold winter's evening.

When a bird begins to lose its instincts it becomes a thing of no pleasure to the observer, and generally, unless domesticated, a creature of considerable danger to its neighbors. The starling has lost instinct in the same way as the sparrow; his nesting-places grow less and less cleanly. The proper principles of economy in nest building do not much concern them. A bird that builds in a hole is not tempted to extravagance and cannot display untidiness; but in the matter of egg-laying no animal has so dangerously discarded natural carefulness. They drop eggs on the ground anywhere; and the only pity is that this waste appears to have no effect on the multiplication of their species. Like the sparrow, the starling is now a *hostis humani generis*, though still no birds are more beautiful to watch when they manœuvre their battalions with Prussian precision and more than Japanese mobility in the spaces of the air against a winter sky.

In general the humanitarian view of bird protection is the right one. I see that many fishery boards are protesting against the increase of cormorants, and writers are found to maintain that the bird "serves no useful purpose in the great scheme of nature." Why should a bird serve a useful purpose? Existence itself is a purpose. It is enough that the species is on the earth, flies over the surface of the waters and swims below it with incredible skill.

Subordination to "useful purposes of natural economy" is demanded of no bird, beast or insect. The phrase is cant, and the argument would justify that "total extinction of man" demanded by the Girtton milkmaid. But the case is different when you come to the artificial protection of any species till it interferes with the liberty and

productiveness of other species. The sparrows drove the last of the chaffinches out of St. James's Park. They are driving other small birds out of Hertfordshire gardens; they are helping to drive the agricultural labor to the towns. Against them a jihad, so often preached, ought to be practised; and winter is the season for the campaign. With a sparrow net half the sparrows in a garden may be caught in

The Outlook.

an evening, if there is any convenient roosting ground; and the free use of it may be recommended even on the higher humanitarian ground. The gradual decrease of the sparrow clubs, once very general and popular, has been almost a national calamity. The sparrow has his place; he is delightful to watch, always interesting and full of character, but—*toujours moineux!*

Agricola.

OLD CLO'.

To the frivolous only does the subject of clothes appear frivolous. How much better fine clothes get on without a King than a King without fine clothes, Thackeray has shown to perfection in the cruel caricature called "Ludovicus Rex," wherein Ludovicus, the man, divided from Rex, the fine clothes, cuts a very poor figure indeed. Carlyle dedicated a whole volume to the philosophy of clothes. Politicians know that written laws about clothes are never obeyed, while the oral law concerning them is obeyed more slavishly than any other, whether of Church or State. The history of clothes is the history of something in man that has hitherto defied analysis. It is connected with every one of his spiritual instincts. He wears a special dress to kill, to govern, to judge, to preach, to mourn, to play. In every age the manner in which he retains or discards some part of it denotes a subtle change in his feelings. To see our ancestors dressed is to have a shrewd guess at what they were—at what they did. Only because this is

forgotten are books on clothes unreadable except for those who make them, for tailors and milliners, for the stage-manager, and the antiquary. Only because this is forgotten are we reminded, when we essay them, of the poor little Italian children who found a number of beautiful old dresses hidden away in a chest, dressed up in them to act before their parents, caught plague, and died. Apart from the wind and spirit of life, there is something poisonous about clothes that have been kept for many generations—a hideous Life-in-Death, despite "the Cut, which betokens Intellect and Talent, and the Color, which betokens Temper and Heart." No one will catch the plague from the books that are now before us; but no one—with the exceptions before mentioned—will be able, we fear, to get through them. With all the good will in the world we have not found it possible. There is too much about the mere stuff, too little about the real dress-makers.

"Chats on Costume" is by far the most readable. The illustrations and

"Historic Dress, 1607 to 1800." By Elisabeth McClellan. Illustrated by Sophie B. Steel. (Lane, 42s. net.)

"English Costume." Painted and described by Dion Clayton Calthrop. Vols. 1 and 2. Early English and Middle Ages. (Black, 7s. 6d. net each.)

"Chats on Costume." By G. Wooliscroft Rhead, R.E. (Fisher Unwin, 5s. net.).

"Costume, Fanciful, Historical and Theatrical." Compiled by Mrs. Arla. Illustrated by Percy Anderson. (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net.)

quotations are enchanting; it may serve to while away an hour or two very pleasantly. Mrs. Arla is commonplace and somewhat inconsequent; but ladies who like to appear at a fancy ball dressed as "The Seville Orange," may find her book useful. Mr. Calthrop works on an excellent system, showing how one garment was logically developed from another throughout the different periods. If he had gone a little further and a little deeper, if he had kept clear of a certain annoying jauntiness of style, his book, valuable already, might have been of still greater worth. Elizabeth McClellan and Sophie Steel have written and illustrated a work invaluable for reference on the subject of dress in America. The pictures, often copied from originals yet extant, are beautiful; the portraits of Governors most interesting; and the glossary of the odd language of dress—it rivals that of *Heralds in eccentricity*—is extremely useful. The letter-press contains many an incidental notice of the curious and picturesque customs of the early settlers in America. "The Posey Dance," which was popular in all the Spanish provinces, was, we think, a graceful form of entertainment. The author quotes the following description of it:—

The ladies of a household arrange in a room of their dwelling an arbor decked with garlands of flowers and lighted with many candles. This is understood by the gentlemen as an invitation to drop in and admire the decorations. Meanwhile the lady who has prepared it selects a partner from among her visitors and hands him a bouquet of flowers. The gentleman who receives this posey becomes for the nonce the king of the ball, and leads out the fair donor as queen of the dance. The others take partners, and the ball thus inaugurated may continue several successive evenings. Should the lady's choice fall upon an unwilling swain, which seldom hap-

pened, he could be excused by paying the expenses of the entertainment.

The poems interspersed are very happily chosen. How pretty is the lament for the good old times in—

The Old Man's Rehearsall. What
Brave Days He Knew,
A Great While Agone. When His Old
Cap Was New.

Our ladies in those dayes
In civil habit went,
Broad-cloth was then worth prayse,
And gave the best content;
French fashions then were scorn'd
Fond fangles then none knew,
Then modistie women adorn'd
When this old cap was new.

Many and many a question rises to the lips as we muse over these five gaily-clothed volumes. Why was the dress of men and women in England plainer about the time of Stephen than at any other period? Why did ladies of Henry VI.'s Court affect short waists like those of the Empire? Why do monks, nuns, Quakers, agree to think that black, brown, and gray are more religious than other hues? (N.B.—This is not universal. The early Friends indulged in green aprons, and certain nuns look exquisite in sky-blue.) Why does the festal attire of a young belle of Otahelte almost exactly resemble a farthingale? Why did a Roman bride wear a red veil where an English bride insists on a white one? Why is yellow sacred to the Imperial Family of China and to a few distinguished favorites, while red belongs to the Mandarin, and blue, violet, and black are good enough only for common folk? The Emperor has 130 wives, divided into different classes, and the class to which any one of them belongs may be known instantly by a glance at her clothes. It is easy to see the practical utility of that. How obedient ladies must be in China! Actors.

who may be, if they will, the most vivid historians of all in the matter of clothes, are divided upon the subject. Kemble, when he played Hamlet, wore a Riband and powdered his hair, not because he supposed that powder and jewelled Orders were in fashion at the Court of Claudius, King of Denmark, but because a Prince, in the costume in which they were accustomed to see Princes, appealed more forcibly to his audience. (Mrs. Aria contributes this information; it is not borne out by the full-length portrait of Kemble as "Hamlet.") Macready, on the other hand, used to sleep in his armor, before he played Henry V., that he might wear it without the least suspicion of clumsiness.

Coiffure again is a curious thing. For a hundred years or more the hair of women was never seen in England. When they found out that, after all, it was a pleasing sight, they disposed of it in two long plaits, they crushed it into nets and bags, at last they hid it away again under enormous horns and caps the shape of a church steeple. They showed their taste for adventure perhaps, their sympathy with Crusading husbands, in the pellisse, imitated from the coats worn by the ladies of Persia. Queen Elizabeth, who wore so many strange clothes herself, was good enough to make a number of laws for other people about them:—

How often hath her majestie with the grave advice of her honorable Councel, sette down the limits of apparell to every degree, and how soon again hath the pride of our harts overflowen the chanell!

At one time, shoemakers who made long-toed shoes for any under the rank of a yeoman were cursed by the clergy. The pot-hat may be seen in the cartoon of "St. Paul preaching at Athens"; and the reason why it is *not* seen (how odd the reasons of things

are!) is that Raphael colored it vermillion. Nobody cursed that.

When Cupid first beheld a woman, according to the author of the Roxburghe Ballads,

He pranked it up in Fardingals and Muffs,
In Masks, Rebatos, Shapperowns, and Wyers,
In Paintings, Powd'rings, Perriwigs, and Cuffes,
In Dutch, Italian, Spanish, French attires;
Thus was it born, brought forth, and made Love's baby,
And this is that which now we call a Lady.

That is all very well. It is an earlier variant of a song that charmed us all a few years ago:—

Just look at that, just look at this!
I really think I'm not amiss!

In between comes another sweet echo:

My high commode, my damask gown,
My lac'd shoes of Spanish leather,
A silver bodkin in my head,
And a dainty plume of feather.

The other side of the picture is given by the Knight of La Tour Landry, a model father of the fourteenth century, who, wishing to keep his daughters from extravagance, told them the awful story of a gentleman, who lost his wife and went to "an heremyte hys uncle" to know whether she was saved or not, and how "it stode with her." Then the hermit told her he had seen in a dream—

Seint Michelle and the devell that had her in a balaunce, and alle her good dedes in the same balaunce, and a develle and all her evelle dedes in that other balaunce. And the most that grevid her was her good and gay clothing, and furres of gray minevere and letuse; and the develle cried and sayde, Seint Michel, this woman had tenne diverse gownes and as man!

cotes; and thou wost wellesse myghte have suffised her after the lawe of God . . . and he toke all her juellys and rynges . . . and also the false langage that she had saide . . . and cast hem in the balaunce with her evelle dedes.

Jean de Meum, too, is very severe:—"I know not whether they call gibbets or corbels that which sustains their horns, which they consider so fine, but I venture to say that St. Elizabeth is not in Paradise for having carried such baubles."

The fashions of the social world change, and their very names change and are forgotten. Wimples, coifs, cascanets, carkenels, fusles, frislets, palisadoes, who cares about them any more? Who, when he walks down Piccadilly, thinks of the shop where charming bands, trimmed with lace and called *peccadilles*, were sold to the dandies? "Caskades of ribands" have had their day. The thirty-two ways of tying a cravat have given place to the thirty-third. We are sober enough now; our very extravagance is dull.

The Times.

We do not dress our hair *à la guillotine*, nor carry ships of the line on top of it. We do not suffer to be fair. Something, however, we mean by dress, whether we know it or not; at least as much as did our ancestors. Fantastic ideals of beauty and stateliness move us no longer. To see a little Blue Coat boy about the streets, or an old pensioner of the gay Lord Leicester with his Bear and his Ragged Staff, is to see something that we gaze upon fondly, but without understanding. We have begun to study the safety and the health even of those on whom our own safety depends, even of soldiers, even of children.

All visible things are emblems; what thou seest is not there on its own account; strictly taken, is not there at all. Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some idea and body it forth. Hence clothes, as despicable as we think them, are so unspeakably significant. Clothes, from the King's mantle downwards, are emblematic, not of want only, but of a manifold cunning Victory over Want.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Messrs. Smith & Elder are about to publish a cheaper edition in one volume of "The Stones of Paris in History and Letters," by B. E. Martin and C. M. Martin.

Lovers of "John Inglesant" can scarcely fail to hear with pleasure the announcement of a series of twenty-four "Drawings Illustrative of John Inglesant" by Lady Jane Lindsay. The London Times speaks of them in terms of high praise.

Mr. Benson's "From a College Window," which Living Age readers enjoyed so keenly, has compelled the re-

printing of most of Mr. Benson's earlier books. The latest announcement of the kind is a new edition by Henry Holt & Co. of "The Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton."

Most people, doubtless, have felt a cheerful confidence that the supply of Carlyle letters and memoirs was exhausted some years ago; but this sense of security is dissipated by the announcement of a new volume of Carlyle letters which Mr. Frederic Harrison has edited.

Recent political events in Persia should lend special interest to a vol-

ume just published in London "Queer Things About Persia" in which Mr. Douglas Sladen has collaborated with M. Eustache de Lorey, who was for three years a member of the French Legation at Teheran.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has in preparation a volume entitled "Forty Years in Paris," by Mr. Walter Loneragan, whose reminiscences as an English journalist in the French capital extend from the last years of the Second Empire down to the present time. Mr. Loneragan was for many years a correspondent of the Daily Telegraph.

The "Large Print Edition" of standard writings which Doubleday, Page & Co. announce will be a boon to readers who find the type of most of the current series of reprints uncomfortably small. It will open with Emily Brontë's novel "Wuthering Heights" which is to be followed by the other Brontë novels, and these by certain of Charles Reade's novels.

Mrs. Stannard affirms that her last novel is the ninety-sixth which has come out under her pen-name of John Strange Winter. Nor does the ninety-six include everything, as she informs us that there are, in addition, nine long supplements to the Family Herald. It is no wonder that at the end she has to confess, "I am now tired of writing novels"; and it sounds pathetic when she adds, "But it does not do to be tired of earning one's living."

There is a tendency among Parisian publishers to lower the price of novels, or rather to give to the public in a more accessible form the successful novels of later years. Some time ago M. Fayard started an illustrated series at 95 centimes, which has proved a success, and now other publishers follow suit; Messrs. Ollendorf republish at

one franc Maupassant's, Ohnet's, Theriet's, and other works; Messrs. Calmann Lévy are offering at 95 centimes an illustrated edition of their best authors such as "Pêcheur d'Islande," by Pierre Loti, and "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," by Anatole France. M. Ernest Flammarion prints a like collection, and it is said that a popular daily paper, with a circulation of one million and a half, is buying copyrights in order to launch a similar series, including not only reprints but new books.

In "The Port of Missing Men" Meredith Nicholson ingeniously uses the clouds which have hung over the succession in Austria as a background for a clever and readable story of present-day adventure. His hero, John Armitage, of parentage unknown, owner of large ranching interests in Montana, but often mistaken for an Englishman, and more conversant with Continental intrigue than seems consistent with either character, is in possession of documents proving the death of two members of the Austrian house, and the efforts of conspirators in the pay of a third to get possession of them, together with the mystery which surrounds his own identity, shape a plot whose scene shifts from Geneva to Washington, D.C., and then to the Virginia mountains. The piquant daughter of an American jurist furnishes the romantic interest. The story does not tax the reader's credulity more than the conventions of the current historical novel allow, and it is well told, lively, entertaining, and wholesome. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The subject of Alice C. C. Gausson's "A Woman of Wit and Wisdom" is Elizabeth Carter, whose long life spanned nearly the whole of the eighteenth century, and whose vivacity, wit and brilliant conversa-

tional powers made her the centre of a literary and social circle of more than ordinary influence. She wrote verse; she translated Epictetus, which was for those days a marvellous achievement for feminine talent; she numbered among her friends Dr. Johnson, Samuel Richardson, Mrs. Montagu and a host beside; she would have nothing to do with matrimony, but her home at Deal was a meeting-place for many congenial spirits; and she left a multitude of letters, notes and other memorials which, with the numerous contemporary tributes to her charms and accomplishments furnish abundant material for a diverting study of English life and society in the eighteenth century. Her portrait, as it looks out upon the reader from the frontispiece, fully justifies Miss Gausson's characterization of her. There are other portraits and a facsimile of her handwriting. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The London Times announces that the Cambridge University Press will shortly publish in two volumes, the "Memoir and Scientific Correspondence of the late Sir George Gabriel Stokes," selected and arranged by Professor Joseph Larmor, who edited the last two volumes of the collected edition of Sir George Stokes's "Mathematical and Physical Papers." The personal memoir is by Sir George Stokes's daughter, Mrs. Laurence Humphry, who includes numerous extracts from letters written by her father to his future wife at the time of their engagement. "The letters," explains Mrs. Humphry, "were so unlike ordinary love-letters, so dignified and impersonal in their expression, that, written, as he said, to explain his character, they must be of legitimate interest to others as containing the only self-revelation that he apparently ever consciously made." One of these love-letters, it seems, in-

cluded fifty-five pages about his scientific pre-occupations, and it is not surprising to learn that it almost led to the termination of the engagement. In addition to the memoir by Mrs. Humphry there are appreciations by Sir George Stokes's colleagues—Professor E. D. Liveing, Sir Michael Foster, Sir W. Huggins, and the Bishop of Bristol.

The Academy reports that Oxford, following the example of Sherborne and Warwick, is to have her Pageant this summer; and it says of the preparations:

The time chosen is Commemoration-week, that June festival which annually drives the shy don to seek his peace elsewhere. Among the promoters and organizers of the Pageant "all the (Oxford) talents" are to be found, both those who linger, like Mr. Godley, in her courts, and those who, like Mr. Anthony Hope, once sojourned there. The Pageant is to represent some of the most stirring scenes in the life of the University and City, from the legend of St. Frideswide to the reception of the Allied Sovereigns at the Commemoration of 1814. St. Frideswide's story will be followed by the burning of her church, which was set on fire to destroy the unfortunate Danes who had incurred the displeasure of Ethelred the Unready. Other episodes presented will be the incident of Fair Rosamund, the famous riots of St. Scholastica's Day, when the "gown" came off so badly, the reception of various Sovereigns, Amy Robsart's funeral, the surrender of the City to the Parliamentarians, and the expulsion of the Fellows of Magdalen by James II. As King Charles I. and his Queen are to arrive by water, it is to be presumed that the Pageant will be played in some meadow bordering the Isis. Alfred the Great, it is to be feared, will not put in an appearance. It is, indeed, chastening to be reminded that our oldest University originated from the arrival of a band of foreign scholars.